

GOSPEL HYMNS

CONSOLIDATED

CONTAINING ALL THE HYMNS IN
GOSPEL HYMNS, NUMBERS 1, 2, 3 and 4.
REPRODUCED UNCHANGED

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PREFACE.

THIS collection embraces in one volume all the hymns and tunes, as used by D. L. MOODY, and others, found in "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," (vol. 1,) "Gospel Hymns No. 2," compiled by P. P. BLISS and IRA D. SANKEY, "Gospel Hymns No. 3," and "Gospel Hymns No. 4," by IRA D. SANKEY, JAMES McGRANAHAN, and GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

The hymns from No. 2, No. 3 and No. 4, have been *renumbered* in consecutive order; all duplicates omitted.

We are sure that "GOSPEL HYMNS CONSOLIDATED," will prove acceptable and helpful to all who desire a large collection of favorite Gospel songs.

THE PUBLISHERS.

GOSPEL HYMNS CONSOLIDATED.

1
ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth
tell,

Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2
'TIS the promise of God, full salvation
to give
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will
believe.

*Cho. Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on
the Son;
I am saved by the blood of the cru-
cified One.*

2 Though the pathway be lonely, and
dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me thro.'

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heav-
enly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is
their song:

4 Little children I see standing close by
their King,
And He smiles as their songs of salva-
tion they sing:

5 There are prophets and kings in that
throng, I behold,

And they sing as they march through
the streets of pure gold:

6 There's a part in that chorus for you
and for me,

And the theme of our praises forever
will be.—

3
I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord,
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

*I need Thee, oh! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee:
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.*

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

4
SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest;
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

*Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.*

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,

Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there;
 Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from my doubts and fears;
 Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages
 Ever my trust shall be;
 Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er;
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore.

5

IN some way or other the Lord will provide;

It may not be *my* way,
 It may not be *thy* way;
 And yet, in *His own* way,
 "The Lord will provide."
Then, we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide;
Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide.

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide:

It may not be *my* time,
 It may not be *thy* time;
 And yet, in *His own* time,
 "The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer; the Lord will provide;

And this be the token—
 No word He hath spoken
 Was ever yet broken:
 "The Lord will provide."

4 March on then right boldly; the sea shall divide;

The pathway made glorious,
 With shoutings victorious,
 We'll join in the chorus,
 "The Lord will provide."

6

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay

In the shelter of the fold,
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold—

Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 ||: Away from the tender Shepherd's care.:||

2 "Lord Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:

Are they not enough for Thee?"

But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine

Has wandered away from me:

And altho' the road be rough and steep
 I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed;

Nor how dark was the night that the
 Lord passed through

Ere He found His sheep that was lost,
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops
 all the way

That mark out the mountain's track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone
 astray

Ere the Shepherd could bring him
 back."

"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent
 and torn?"

"They are pierced to-night by many a
 thorn."

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,

And up from the rocky steep, [heav'n,

There arose a glad cry to the gate of
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"

And the angels echoed around the
 throne,

"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His
 own!"

7

WE shall meet beyond the river,
 By and by, by and by;

And the darkness shall be over,

By and by, by and by;

With the toilsome journey done,

And the glorious battle won.

We shall shine forth as the sun, |

By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harps of glory, |

By and by, by and by;

We shall sing redemption's story,
By and by, by and by;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us
By and by, by and by;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will
Shall attend, and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
By and by, by and by,
And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By and by, by and by,
All the blest ones who have gone
To the land of life and song,—
We with shoutings shall rejoice,
By and by, by and by.

8
WHAT means this eager, anxious
throng.
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion,
pray?
||: In accents hush'd the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." ||

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
||: Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." ||

3 Jesus! tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
||: The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." ||

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
||: Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?" ||

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come:
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
||: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." ||

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
||: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." ||

9
THIS loving Saviour
Stands patiently;
Though oft rejected,
Calls again for thee.
*Calling now for thee prodigal,
Calling now for thee;
Thou hast wandered far away,
But He's calling now for thee.*

2 Oh, boundless mercy,
Free, free to all!
Stay, child of error,
Heed the tender call.

3 Though all unworthy,
Come, now, come home—
Say, while he's waiting,
"Jesus, dear, I come."

10
"WHOSOEVER heareth," shout,
shout the sound!
Send the blessed tidings all the world
around,
Spread the joyful news wherever man is
found:

"Whosoever will, may come."
"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"
Send the proclamation over vale and hill:
'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'ring
home,
"Whosoever will, may come."

2 Whosoever cometh, need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while you
may;
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way;
"Whosoever will, may come."

3 "Whosoever will," the promise secure;
 "Whosoever will," for ever must endure;
 "Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore;
 "Whosoever will, may come."

11

I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
 A dear, loving Saviour though earth-
 friends be few;
 And now He is watching in tenderness
 o'er me,
 And oh, that my Saviour were your
 Saviour too!

*For you I am praying,
 For you I am praying,
 For you I am praying,
 I'm praying for you.*

2 I have a Father; to me He has given
 A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
 And soon will He call me to meet Him
 in heaven
 But oh, that He'd let me bring you
 with me too!

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in
 whiteness,
 Awaiting in glory my wondering view,
 Oh, when I receive it all shining in
 brightness,
 Dear friend, could I see you receiving
 one too!

4 I have a peace; it is calm as a river—
 A peace that the friends of this world
 never knew;
 My Saviour alone is its Author and
 Giver,
 And oh, could I know it was given
 to you!

5 When Jesus has found you tell others
 the story,
 That my loving Saviour is your Sav-
 iour too,
 Then pray that your Saviour may bring
 them to glory,
 And prayer will be answered—'twas
 answered for you!

12

WAND'RING afar from the dwell-
 ings of men,
 Hear the sad cry of the lepers—the ten;
 "Jesus have mercy!" brings healing
 divine;

One came to worship, but where are the
 nine?

Where are the nine?

Where are the nine?

Were there not ten cleansed!

Where are the nine?

2 Loudly the stranger sang praise to
 the Lord,
 Knowing the cure had been wrought by
 His word,

Gratefully owning the Healer Divine;
 Jesus says tenderly, "Where are the
 nine?"

3 "Who is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;
 "Is He the Christ? tell us plainly, we
 pray."

Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign,
 Show them His mighty works—Where
 are the nine?

4 Jesus on trial to-day we can see,
 Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"
 How they're rejecting Him, your Lord
 and mine!

Bring in the witnesses—Where are the
 nine?

13

I KNOW not the hour when my Lord
 will come

To take me away to His own dear home;
 But I know that His presence will
 lighten the gloom,

And that will be glory for me.

And that will be glory for me,

Oh, that will be glory for me,

But I know that His presence will lighten
 the gloom,

And that will be glory for me.

2 I know not the song that the angels
 sing,

I know not the sound of the harps' glad
 ring,

But I know there'll be mention of Jesus
 our King,

And that will be music for me.

*And that will be music for me,
Oh, that will be music for me,
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus
our King,
And that will be music for me.*

3 I know not the form of my mansion fair,
I know not the name that I then shall
bear;

But I know that my Saviour will wel-
come me there,

And that will be heaven for me.

And that will be heaven for me,

Oh, that will be heaven for me,

*But I know that my Saviour will wel-
come me there,*

And that will be heaven for me.

14

HO! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!

Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"

Jesus signals still,

Wave the answer back to Heaven,—

"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;

Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Here the bugle blow;

In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;

Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

15

THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,

A radiance from the cross afar,

The Saviour's love revealing.

Oh, depth of mercy! can it be

That gate was left ajar for me?

For me, for me?

Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may
frown,

While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay

The cross that here is given,

And bear the crown of life away,

And love Him more in heaven.

16

FREE from the law, oh, happy con-
dition,

Jesus hath bled, and *there* is remission;
Curs'd by the law and bruise'd by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

Once for all, oh, sinner receive it,

Once for all, oh, brother, believe it;

Cling to the cross, the burden will fall,

Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

2 Now are we free—there's no condem-
nation,

Jesus provides a perfect salvation;

"Come unto *Me*," oh, hear His sweet
call,

Come, and He saves us once for all.

3 "Children of God," oh, glorious call-
ing,

Surely His grace will keep us from
falling:

Passing from death to life at His call,

Blessed salvation once for all.

17

KNOCKING, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!

'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,

Never such was seen before,

Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,

Wilt thou not undo the door.

2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,

Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;

But the door is hard to open,

For the weeds and ivy-vine,

With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
Beam the patient eyes so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

18

RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the
grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
*Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.*

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can re-
store;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate
once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has
died.

19

RING the bells of heaven! there is
joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon
the way,
Welcoming His weary, wand'ring
child.

*Glory! glory! how the angels sing;
Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring;
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.*

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy
to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the
feast to-day,
Angels swell the glad triumphant
strain!
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
For a precious soul is born again.

20

I WILL sing you a song of that beau-
tiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glit-
tering strand
While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll;
Where no storms ever beat on the glit-
tering strand
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh! that home of the soul in my
visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vale inter-
venes

||: Between the fair city and me. :||
Till I fancy, etc.

3 That unchangeable home is for you
and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
||: And He holdeth our crowns in His
hands. :||
The King of, etc.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-
tiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps
in our hands
||: To meet one another again. :||
With songs on, etc.

- 21 **I** GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?
- 2 My father's house of light,—
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for Me?
- 3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?
- 4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

- 22 **W**E'RE going home,
No more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow;
No more to wear
The brow of care—
We're going home to-morrow.
We're going home, (we're going home)
we're going home to-morrow;
We're going home, (we're going home)
we're going home to-morrow.

- 2 For weary feet
Awaits a street
Of wondrous pave and golden;
For hearts that ache,
The angels wake
The story, sweet and olden.
- 3 For those who sleep,
And those who weep,
Above the portals narrow
The mansions rise
Beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow.
- 4 Oh, joyful song!
Oh, ransomed throng!

Where sin no more shall sever;
Our King to see,
And, oh, to be
With Him at home forever.

- 23 **I** AM so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He
has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see:
This is the dearest that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.
- 2 Though I forget Him, and wander
away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I
flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me,
- 3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves
me."

- 1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul
to redeem;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the
tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
- 2 If one should ask of me, how could I
tell?
Glory to Jesus I know very well;
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
- 3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth
flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

- 24 **R**EJOICE and be glad!
The Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross and
His tomb.
Sound His praises, tell the Story
Of Him who was slain;

*Sound His praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.*

2 Rejoice and be glad!
It is sunshine at last!

The clouds have departed, the shadows
are past.

3 Rejoice and be glad!
For the blood hath been shed;

Redemption is finished, the price hath
been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad!
Now the pardon is free!

The Just for the unjust has died on
the tree.

5 Rejoice and be glad!
For the Lamb that was slain

O'er death is triumphant and liveth
again.

6 Rejoice and be glad!
For our King is on high,

He pleadeth for us on His throne in the
sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad!
For He cometh again;

He cometh in glory, the Lamb that
was slain.

*Sound His praises, tell the Story
Of Him who was slain;*

*Sound His praises, tell with gladness,
He cometh again.*

25

WE praise Thee, O God! for the Son
of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone
above.

*Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah,
amen,*

*Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us
again.*

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy
Spirit of light.

Who has shown us our Saviour, and
scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that
was slain,

Who has borne all our sins, and has
cleans'd every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of
all grace,

Who has bought us, and sought us, and
guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with
Thy love;

May each soul be rekindled with fire
from above

26

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,

Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee;

In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,

Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,

My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:

Help me the cross to bear
Thy wondrous love declare,

Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee!

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—

That each departing day
Henceforth may see

Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,

Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—

In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!

And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be

Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

27

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;

While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

*Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,*

Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition
Help my unbelief.
- 3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.
- 4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

28

- ONE more day's work for Jesus;
One less of life for me!
But heav'n is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.
*One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me.*

- 2 One more day's work for Jesus;
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak His beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.

- 3 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
When Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!

- 4 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before His face I fall.

- 5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet,

Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!

29

- WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer:
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

30

- GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.
*Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.*

- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.
- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Believing souls rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.
- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,

And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord, our King.

31

HAVE you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow;
Of His grace have you received?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the grace the Father shows!
Still there's more to follow,
Freely He His grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
*More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow;
Oh, His matchless, boundless love!
Still there's more to follow.*

2 Have you felt the Saviour near?
Still there's more to follow;
Does His blessed presence cheer?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the love that Jesus shows!
Still there's more to follow,
Freely He His love bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
3 Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there's more to follow;
Falling like a gentle shower?
Still there's more to follow.
Oh, the power the Spirit shows,
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His power bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

32

HEAVENLY Father, bless me now,
At the cross of Christ I bow;
Take my guilt and grief away;
Hear and heal me now, I pray.
*Bless me now, bless me now,
Heavenly Father, bless me now.*

2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord.
3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.
4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

33

WEARY gleaner, whence comest thou,
With empty hands and clouded brow?
Plodding along thy lonely way,
Tell me where hast thou glean'd to-day?
Late I found a barren field,
The harvest past, my search revealed,
Others, golden sheaves had gained,
Only stubble for me remained.

*Forth to the harvest field away!
Gather your handfuls while you may;
All day long in the field abide,
Gleaning close by the reaper's side.*

2 Careless gleaner, what hast thou here,
These faded flow'rs and leaflets sere?
Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,
Where, oh, where hast thou glean'd
to-day?
All day long in shady bow'rs,
I've gaily sought earth's fairest flowers;
Now, alas! too late I see
All I've gather'd is vanity.

3 Burdened gleaner, thy sheaves I see,
Indeed thou must a-weary be!
Singing along the homeward way,
Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day?

Stay me not, till day is done,
I've gathered handfuls, one by one;
Here and there for me they fall,
Close by the reapers I've found them all.

34

AH, my heart is heavy laden,
Weary and oppressed!
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my portion here?
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

35
I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray
Find in Me thine all in all.

*Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.*

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

36
ONE there is above all others.
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think, oh, think how much we owe Him,

Oh, how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

3 Blessed Jesus! would you know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

4 All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

37
TELL me the Old, Old Story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
*Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.*

2 Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin,
Tell me the Story often,
For I forgot so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same Old Story
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear;
 Yes, and when that world's glory
 Is dawning on my soul,
 Tell me the Old, Old Story;
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

38

COME home! come home!
 You are weary at heart,
 For the way has been dark,
 And so lonely and wild.

O prodigal child!
 Come home, oh, come home!

Come home!

Come, oh, come home!

2 Come home! come home!
 For we watch and we wait,
 And we stand at the gate,
 While the shadows are piled.

O prodigal child!
 Come home, oh, come home!

3 Come home! come home!
 From the sorrow and blame,
 From the sin and the shame,
 And the tempter that smiled.

O prodigal child!
 Come home, oh, come home!

4 Come home! come home!
 There is bread and to spare,
 And a warm welcome there,
 Then, to friends reconciled,

O prodigal child!
 Come home, oh, come home!

39

I LOVE to tell the Story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love;

I love to tell the Story,
 Because I know it's true;

It satisfies my longings,
 As nothing else would do.

I love to tell the Story!

'Twill be my theme in glory,

To tell the Old, Old Story

Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
 More wonderful it seems,
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams;
 I love to tell the Story!
 It did so much for me;
 And that is just the reason,
 I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet;
 I love to tell the Story,
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it, like the rest;
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the New, New Song,
 'Twill be—the Old, Old Story
 That I have loved so long.

40

HOLY Spirit, faithful guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side;
 Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land;
 Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
 While they hear that sweetest voice,
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come;
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present truest Friend,
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear,
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wond'ring if our names were there,
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home!

41

THE whole world was lost in the darkness of sin!

The Light of the world is Jesus;
Like sunshine at noonday, His glory shone in.

The Light of the world is Jesus.
*Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee:
Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me,
Once I was blind, but now I can see.*
The Light of the world is Jesus

2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,

The Light of the world is Jesus,
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,

The Light of the world is Jesus
3 Ye dwellers in darkness with sin blinded eyes,

The Light of the world is Jesus;
Go, wash, at His bidding, and light will arise,

The Light of the world is Jesus.

4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,

The Light of the world is Jesus,
The Lamb is the Light in the City of Gold,

The Light of that world is Jesus.

42

THE Spirit, oh, sinner,

In mercy doth move
Thy heart, so long hardened,

Of sin to reprove;
Resist not the Spirit,

Nor longer delay,

God's gracious entreaties, may end with to-day.

2 Oh, child of the kingdom,
From sin service cease:

Be filled with the Spirit,
With comfort and peace

Oh, grieve not the Spirit.

Thy Teacher is He.

That Jesus, thy Saviour may glorified be,

Defiled is the temple,

Its beauty laid low,

On God's holy altar

The embers faint glow,

By love yet rekindled,

A flame may be fanned,

Oh, *quench* not the Spirit, the Lord is at hand!

43

BENEATH the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—

The shadow of a mighty Rock,
Within a weary land.

A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,

From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter,

O refuge tried and sweet,

O trysting-place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet!

As to the Holy Patriarch

That wondrous dream was given.

So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,

The darkness of an awful grave

That gapes both deep and wide;

And there between us stands the Cross,—

Two arms outstretched to save,—
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,

Mine eye at times can see

The very dying form of One,

Who suffered there for me;

And from my smitten heart with tears,

Two wonders I confess—

The wonders of His glorious love,

And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, Thy shadow

For my abiding place;

I ask no other sunshine

Than the sunshine of His face;

Content to let the world go by,

To know no gain nor loss,—

My sinful self, my only shame,—

My glory all the Cross.

44

WITH harps and with viols, there
stand a great throng
In the presence of Jesus, and sing this
new song:—

Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from sin.

Unto Him be the glory forever. Amen.

2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,

Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,

He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.

4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,

If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.

5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,

So that others believing, this new song shall sing.

45

JESUS, keep me near the Cross,

There a precious fountain

Free to all—a healing stream,

Flows from Calvary's mountain.

In the Cross, in the Cross,

Be my glory ever;

Till my raptured soul shall find

Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,

Love and mercy found me;

There the bright and morning star

Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,

Bring its scenes before me;

Help me walk from day to day,

With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait

Hoping, trusting ever,

Till I reach the golden strand

Just beyond the river.

46

O H, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,

I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;

O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,

And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

Oh sing of His mighty love,

Sing of His mighty love,

Sing of His mighty love,

Mighty to save.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,

No longer in dread condemnation I pine;

In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,

Who lifteth upon me the light of His face.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!

No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;

No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,

No tears but may dry them on Jesus' dear breast.

4 O, Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,

My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King,

My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,

And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

47

NOT now, my child,—a little more rough tossing,

A little longer on the billows foam;

A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,

And then the sunshine of thy Father's Home!

2 Not now; for I have wanderers in the distance.

And thou must call them in with patient love;

Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,

And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;

Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?

Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely
sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little
while?

4 Not now; for wounded hearts are
sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed
hearts to sing;
Not now; for orphan's tears are quickly
falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some
sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the
dying,
And speak that name in all its living
power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow
chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one
little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious
crowning;
The golden harp-strings, and the vic-
tor's palm,
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving
psalm!

48

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

*Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.*

2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go:
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above,

49

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

*Saved by grace alone,
This is all my plea;
Jesus died for all mankind,
And Jesus died for me.*

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet,
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

50

PRECIOUS promise God hath given,
To the weary passer-by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

*I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye;"
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."*

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly;
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by;
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die;
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

51

HE leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort
fraught;

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

*He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.*

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,

Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea.—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

52

DOWN life's dark vale we wander,
Till Jesus comes;
We watch and wait and wonder,
Till Jesus comes.

*All joy His loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes,
All beauty bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.*

2 Oh, let my lamp be burning
When Jesus comes:
For Him my soul be yearning,
When Jesus comes.

3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes;

4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes.
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.

5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;

He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.

53

WHAT! "lay my sins on Jesus?"
God's well-beloved Son!

No! 'tis a truth most precious,
That God e'en *that* has done.

*Hallelujah! Jesus saves me,
He makes me "white as snow,"
Hallelujah! Jesus saves me,
He makes me "white as snow."*

2 Yes, 'tis a truth most precious,
To all who do believe,
God laid our sins on Jesus,
Who did the load receive.

3 What! "bring our guilt to Jesus?"
To wash away our stains;
The act is passed that freed us,
And naught to do remains.

54

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And That Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,

O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yes, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

55

TO-DAY the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'ers come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

56

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

*"Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest Name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus."*

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus;
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all, your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus.

57

O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head!

Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Did'st bear all ill for me.

A Victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup—
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—

'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup,—love drank it up;
Now blessings draught for me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred—
Now cloudless peace for me.

5 Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died for Thee;
Thou'rt risen, my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me.

58

OH, to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
Where the angel voices mingle, and the
angel harpers ring;

To be free from pain and sorrow,
And the anxious, dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine, in the
presence of the King.

2 Oh, to be over yonder!
My yearning heart grows fonder
Of looking to the east, to see the blessed
day-star bring
Some tidings of the waking,
The cloudless, pure day breaking;—
My heart is yearning—yearning for the
coming of the King.

3 Oh, to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart
to any earthly thing;
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever,
But there's no more separation in the
presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling—
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the
vaulted heavens ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the pres-
ence of the King.

5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed
ones do sing
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence
of the King.

6 Oh, I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—
longing for the bird's fleet wing;
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder, in
the presence of the King.

59

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;

I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.
*I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow.
Save me Jesus, save me now.*

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
“I will cleanse you from all sin.”

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

60

ALL the way my Saviour leads me:
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who thro' life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
||: For I know whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well. :||

2 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread;
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
||: Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see. :||

3 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Oh, the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above;
When my spirit, cloth'd immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
||: This my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way. :||

61

GO bury thy sorrow,
The world has its share:
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly,
When curtained by night,
Go tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief,
Go gather the sunshine
He sheds on the way;
He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go,
Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine—
Tell Jesus the rest.

62

COME to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He's shown us
the way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

*Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and
free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.*

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His
voice,
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-
day;
Heed now His blest commands, and
obey;

Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, My children, come?"

63

I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

*I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.*

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love;
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

64

TO the hall of the feast came the sin-
ful and fair;
She heard in the city that Jesus was
there;
Unheeding the splendor that blazed on
the board,
||: She silently knelt at the feet of the
Lord. :||

2 The frown and the murmur went
round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in
that hall;
And some said the poor would be ob-
jects more meet,
||: As the wealth of her perfume she
shower'd on His feet. :||

3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke
but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of
His eyes;
And the hot tears gushed forth at each
heave of her breast,
||: As her lips to His sandals were throb-
bly pressed.:||

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth
the bow,—
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth
the snow,
He looked on that lost one: "her sins
were forgiven."
||: And the sinner went forth in the
beauty of heaven.:||

65

BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mer-
cy
From His light-house evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

*Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.*

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor seaman tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.

66

A LONG time I wandered in darkness
and sin,
And wondered if ever the light would
shine in;
I heard Christian friends tell of rapture
divine,
And wish'd, how I wish'd that their
Saviour were mine.

*I wish'd He were mine, yes, I wish'd He
were mine;
I wished, how I wished that their Saviour
were mine.*

2 I heard the glad gospel of "good-will
to men;"
I read "whosoever" again and again;
I said to my soul, "Can that promise be
thine?"
And then began hoping that Jesus was
mine.

*I hoped He was mine, yes, I hoped He
was mine;
I then began hoping that Jesus was mine.*

3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even
me!
"Thy portion forever," He says, "will
I be,"
On His word I'm resting—assurance
divine—

I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is
mine!

*I know He is mine, yes, I know He is
mine!*

*I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is
mine.*

67

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain;
There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews Old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood
Should fright us from the shore.

68 *Tune—RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. Key C.*

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,

Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

69

"TILL He come!"—Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think, how heav'n and home
Lie beyond that "*Till He come!*"

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on that rest above,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "*Till He come!*"

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come!*"

4 See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

70 DENNIS. S. M. Key F.

HOW solemn are the words
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"*Ye must be born again!*"

2 "*Ye must be born again!*"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis life poor sinners need.

3 "*Ye must be born again!*"
And life in Christ must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He alone can save.

4 "*Ye must be born again!*"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.

71 ORTONVILLE. C. M. Key Bb.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

72

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.
*Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.*

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,

King of kings in heav'n we'll crown
Him,
When our journey is complete.

73

IT passeth knowledge: that dear love
of Thine!
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this soul of
mine
Would of that love, in all its depth and
length,
Its height, and breadth, and everlasting
strength,
Know more and more.

2 It passeth *telling!* that dear love of
Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet these lips of
mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and
near
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

3 It passeth *praises!* that dear love of
Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this heart of
mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so
free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such
as me,
Right home to God.

4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or
know,
The fulness of that love, whilst here
below,
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring;—
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

5 I *am* an empty vessel! scarce one
thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever
brought;
Yet I *may* come, and come again to
Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truth-
ful plea—

"Thou lovest me!"

6 Oh! *fill* me, Jesus! Saviour! with
Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount a-
bove;

Thither may I in childlike faith draw
nigh,
And never to another fountain fly
But unto Thee.

7 And when, my Jesus, Thy dear face
I see,
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the
knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth
and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting
strength—
My soul shall sing.

74

OH, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and empty vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied that He might fill me
As forth to His service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered,
His life through me might flow.
*Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.*

2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command;
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me
In silence to wait on Him still.

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be;
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour
see,
Rather be nothing, nothing,—
To Him let our voices be raised:
He is the fountain of blessing,
He only is most to be praised.

75

"ALMOST persuaded" now to be-
lieve;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive,

Seems now some soul to say,
 "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
 Some more convenient day
 On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;

"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are lingering near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
 "O wanderer, come."

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!

"Almost" cannot avail;
 "Almost" is but to fail!
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
 "Almost—but lost!"

76

FULLY persuaded, Lord, I believe!
 Fully persuaded, Thy Spirit give;
 I will obey Thy call;
 Low at Thy feet I fall;
 Now I surrender all,
 Christ to receive.

2 Fading—Lord, hear my cry!
 Fading—any Capss me not by;
 fully—ne,

O battle cry! "For home;
 O the faltering ones
 Save, or I die;

3 Fully persuaded, no more oppress
 Fully persuaded, now I am blest;
 Jesus is now my Guide,
 I will in Christ abide;
 My soul is satisfied
 In Him to rest!

4 Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;
 Fully persuaded, Lord I am Thine!
 O make my love to Thee
 Like Thine own love to me,
 So rich, so full and free,—
 Saviour divine!

77

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour
 of prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known;
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief;
 ||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless.
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 ||: I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray-
 er! :||

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

May I thy consolation share,
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home and take my flight;
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 ||: And shout while passing through the
 air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray-
 er! :||

78

ONE offer of salvation.
 To all the world make known;
 The only sure foundation
 Is Christ the Corner Stone.

No other name is given,
 No other way is known;
 'Tis Jesus Christ the First and Last,
 He saves, and He alone.

2 One only door of heaven
 Stands open wide to-day,
 One sacrifice is given,
 'Tis Christ, the Living Way.

3 My only song and story
 Is—Jesus died for me;
 My only hope for glory
 The Cross of Calvary.

79

SOWING the seed by the daylight
 fair,
 Sowing the seed by the noonday glare.

Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

Gathered in time or eternity,

Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,

Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,

Sowing in hope till the reapers come,

Gladly to gather the harvest home;

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

80

THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One,

There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,

Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

Look! look! look and live!

There is life for a look at the Crucified One,

There is life at this moment for thee.

2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,

If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?

Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood.

If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,

But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once

Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared

There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,

And completed the work He begun.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once

The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never can'st die

Since Jesus thy righteousness, lives.

81

YET there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song,

With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

2 Day is declining, and ^{sun} is low;
The shadows lengthen, ^{meek} makes haste to go:

Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

3 The bridal ^{hand} is gateway, ^{st:} Pass in, ^{hand;} for His command; ^{st:} Bridegroom ^{hand;} ready:

Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:

Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Yet there is room! still open stands the gate,

The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

6 Pass, in, pass in: that banquet is for thee;

That cup of everlasting love is free;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Louder and sweeter, sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

82

ONLY an armor-bearer, proudly I stand.
Waiting to obey at the King's command;
Marching "Forward" shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

Hearyes the battle cry! "Forward" the call!
See! see the faltering ones! backward they fall.

||: Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armor-bearer I may be.:||

2 Only an armor-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

3 Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear:
If, in the battle, to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review.

83

LIGHT in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand!
See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's land,

Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.

Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!

Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar;

Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more!

Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.

2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,

Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the gale,

Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;

Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;

Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!

Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.

84

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if Thou be near;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,

Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;

Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him lie down no more in sin.

5 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless
store;

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we
wake,

Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

85

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

86

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee:

Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

87

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—

*Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.*

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee,
While the streams of life are springing
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

88

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 I Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

89

YIELD not to temptation,
 For yielding is sin,
 Each victory will help you
 Some other to win;
 Fight manfully onward,
 Dark passions subdue,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

*Ask the Saviour to help you,
 Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
 He is willing to aid you,
 He will carry you through.*

2 Shun evil companions,
 Bad language disdain,
 God's name hold in reverence,
 Nor take it in vain;
 Be thoughtful and earnest,
 Kind-hearted and true,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
 God giveth a crown,
 Through faith we shall conquer,
 Though often cast down;
 He who is our Saviour,
 Our strength will renew,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

90

I LEFT it all with Jesus
 Long ago;
 All my sins I brought Him,
 And my woe.
 When by faith I saw Him
 On the tree,
 Heard His small, still whisper,
 'Tis for thee,
 ||: From my heart the burden
 Rolled away—Happy day! :||

2 I leave it all with Jesus,
 For He knows
 How to steal the bitter
 From life's woes;
 How to gild the fear-drop
 With His smile,
 Make the desert garden
 Bloom awhile;
 ||: When my weakness leaneth
 On His might, All seems light. :||

3 I leave it all with Jesus
 Day by-day;
 Faith can firmly trust Him,
 Come what may,
 Hope has dropped her anchor,
 Found her rest
 In the calm, sure haven
 Of His breast
 ||: Love esteems it heaven
 To abide At His side. :||

4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus,
 Drooping soul!
 Tell not *half* thy story,
 But the whole,
 Worlds on worlds are hanging
 On His hand,
 Life and death are waiting
 His command;
 ||: Yet His tender bosom
 Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home. :||

91

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

*Lose all their guilty stains,
 Lose all their guilty stains;*

*And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.*

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;

And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.—Wash, &c.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.—And shall, &c.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.—Lies silent,
&c.

92

OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair.
Are robed in their garments of white.

*Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.*

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the
air.

In their home in the palace of God.

*Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.*

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at
rest;

Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

*Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.*

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

*Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.*

93

MORE holiness give me,
More strivings within;
More patience in suff'ring,
More sorrow for sin,

More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care;
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord;
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word;
More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be;
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee.

94

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

*Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.*

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood.
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

95

OH, come to the Saviour, believe in
His name,
And ask Him your heart to renew;
He waits to be gracious, O turn not away,
For now there is pardon for you.

*Yes, there is pardon for you,
Yes, there is pardon for you;
For Jesus has died to redeem you,
And offers full pardon to you.*

2 The way of transgression that leads unto death,

Oh, why will you longer pursue?
How can you reject the sweet message of love

That offers full pardon for you?

3 Be warned of your danger, escape to the cross;

Your only salvation is there;

Believe, and that moment the Spirit of grace

Will answer your penitent prayer.

96

NOTHING but leaves! The spirit grieves

O'er years of wasted life;

O'er sins indulg'd while consciences slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept

And reap from years of strife—

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves,

Of life's fair ripening grain:

We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds—

Words, idle words, for earnest deeds—

Then reap with toil and pain,

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! sad mem'ry weaves

No vail to hide the past:

And as we trace our weary way,

And count each lost and misspent day

We sadly find at last—

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?

Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,

Before the awful judgment-seat

Lay down for golden sheaves.

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

97

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh

To make up His jewels,

All His jewels, precious jewels,

His loved and His own.

*Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.*

2 He will gather, He will gather

The gems for His kingdom:

All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children,

Who love their Redeemer,

Are the jewels, precious jewels,

His loved and His own.

98

“**G**O work in My vineyard;” there’s plenty to do;

The harvest is great, and the lab’ers are few;

There’s weeding, and fencing, and clearing of roots,

And plowing, and sowing, and gathering the fruits.

There are foxes to take, there are wolves to destroy,

All ages and ranks I can fully employ:
I’ve sheep to be tended, and lambs to be fed;

The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led.

Go work, go work, go work in My vineyard;

There’s plenty to do;

*Go work, go work. The harvest is great,
And the lab’ers are few.*

2 “Go work in My vineyard;” I claim thee as Mine;

With blood did I buy thee and all that is thine—

Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,

Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours.

I willingly yielded My kingdom for thee,

The songs of archangels—to hang on the tree,

In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,

I paid thy full ransom; My purchase I claim.

3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh,
work while 'tis day!
The bright hours of sunshine are hast-
ening away,
And night's gloomy shadows are gath-
ering fast;
Then the time for our labor shall ever
be past.
Begin in the morning and toil all the
day;
Thy strength I'll supply, and thy
wages I'll pay:
And blessèd, thrice blessèd, the dili-
gent few,
Who'll finish the labor I've given them
to do.

99

DEPTH of mercy! can there be -
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His Grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now, incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

100

MY heart, that was heavy and sad,
Was made to rejoice and be glad,
And peace without measure I had,
When the Comforter came.

*Peace, sweet peace,
Peace when the Comforter came!
My heart that was heavy and sad,
Was made to rejoice and be glad.
And peace without measure I had,
When the Comforter came.*

2 To sin and to evil inclined,
With darkness pervading my mind,
No rest I could anywhere find,
Till the Comforter came.

3 The voice of thanksgiving I raised,
The Lord, my Redeemer, I praised,
I was at His mercy amazed,
When the Comforter came.

101

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
||: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.:||
2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

102

OFOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.
3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

103

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds
withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor
bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

104

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;

So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope.—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

105 Tune—RETREAT. L. M. Key C.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
His fount beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend.

Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

06

Tune—BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 lines. Key F.

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?

God, your maker, asks you why?

God, who did your being give,

fade you with Himself to live;

Is the fatal cause demands;

asks the work of His own hands,—

Why, ye thankless creatures, why

Will ye cross His love, and die?

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?

God, your Saviour, asks you why?

He, who did your souls retrieve,

died himself, that ye might live.

Will ye let Him die in vain?

Crucify your Lord again?

Why, ye ransomed sinners, why

Will ye slight His grace and die?

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?

God, the Spirit, asks you why?

He who all your lives hath strove,

urged you to embrace His love.

Will ye not His grace receive?

Will ye still refuse to live?

O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

107

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not
want,

He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark
vale,

Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

108

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and
clear

When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

109

SALVATION! O the joyful sound
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb?
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

110

- JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods; rocks, hills and
plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 He rules the world with truth and
grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

111

- ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

112

- MY soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 Oh watch, and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down,
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

113

- NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain,
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou did'st bear;
While hanging on the curs'd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

114

- BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes:
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

115

- AM I a soldier of the cross—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—

And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
This vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
I bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

6 COME Thou Fount of every blessing,

Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Vandering from the fold of God;
To rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Lone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
'Tis time to leave the God I love—
Re's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Lead it for Thy courts above.

7 Y faith looks up to Thee.

Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine;
We hear me while I pray;
Wipe all my guilt away;
Set me from this day,
Free wholly Thine.
Lay Thy rich grace impart
Length to my fainting heart;

My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

118 BETHANY. 6s & 4s. Key G.

N EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down;
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly.
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

119

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands: ||
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race, ||
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry, ||
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh, ||
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

120 "YOUR MISSION." Key F.

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Load and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;

And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 If you cannot be the watchman
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;—
With your prayers and with your bon-
ties

You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach;
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, o
Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels.
When you reach the better land.

6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me?"

121 WEBB. 7s & 6s. Key B.

STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,

And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

23
WORK, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours,
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
In brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
We every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies:
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

23
HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun:
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till trav'ling days are done.

124 BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Key E₂
SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

*Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.*

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

125
I WAITED for the Lord, my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline
My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;

Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessed is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

126 SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

8s, 7s & 4. Key E \flat .

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'ring care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare;

||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us; Thine we are. :||

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way:

Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;

||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, Oh hear us, when we pray. :||

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;

||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee. :||

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;

Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.

||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love still. :||

127 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4. Key D.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;

Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;

||: He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more. :||

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;

True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—

||: Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy. :||

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him!

||: This He gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam. :

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all;

||: Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call. :||

128 MEAR. C. M.

COME Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove
With all Thy quickening powers
Kindle a flame of heavenly love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee?
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

129

ONCE I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died;
But now I'm dead to sin—
With Jesus crucified.

*And can it be that "He loved me
And gave Himself for me?"*

2 Oh, height I cannot reach,
Oh, depth I cannot sound,
Oh, love, O boundless love
In my Redeemer found!

3 Oh, cold, ungrateful heart
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.

4 I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.

130

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

||: *There is rest for the weary, :||
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,*

*In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.*

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

131 BOYLSTON. S. M. Key C.
DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

32 **C**OME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

5 He is waiting, etc.

6 He will hear you, etc.

7 He will cleanse you, etc.

8 He'll renew you, etc.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.

10 If you trust Him, etc.

11 He will save you, etc.

33 **HAPPY DAY.** L. M.
HAPPY day, that fixed my choice,
On Thee my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.
*Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,*

*And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.*

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's
done—

I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

4 High heaven that heard the solemn
vow,

That vow renewed, shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death, a bond so dear.

134

COME sing the gospel's joyful sound,
Salvation full and free;
Proclaim to all the world around,
The year of jubilee!

*Salvation, salvation,
The grace of God doth bring;*

*Salvation, salvation,
Through Christ our Lord and King.*

2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see!

Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice,
The Lord hath made you free!

3 With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;

'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,
And praise to God above!

135

ONWARD! upward! Christian sol-
dier,

Turn not back nor sheathe thy sword,
Let its blade be sharp for conquest,
In the battle for the Lord.

From the great white throne eternal,
God Himself is looking down;
||: He it is who now commands thee,
Take the cross and win the crown.:||

2 Onward! upward! doing, daring
All for Him who died for thee;
Face the foe and meet with boldness
Danger whatsoever it be.

From the battlements of glory,
Holy ones are looking down,
||:Thou canst almost hear them shout-
ing;

"On! let no one take thy crown."||

3 Onward! till thy course is finished,
Like the ransomed ones before;
Keep the faith thro' persecution,
Never give the battle o'er.

Onward! upward! till victorious,
Thou shalt lay thy armor down,
||:And thy loving Saviour bids thee
At His hand receive thy crown.:||

136

MORE love to Thee, O Christ!

More love to Thee;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;

This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
||:More love to Thee!:

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,

Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
||:More love to Thee!:

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
||:More love to Thee!:

4 Then shall my latest breath,
Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be;
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
||:More love to Thee!:

137

THINE most gracious Lord,
O make me wholly Thine—
Thine in thought, in word, and deed,
For Thou, O Christ, art mine.

*Wholly Thine, wholly Thine;
Thou hast bought me, I am Thine;*

*Blessed Saviour, Thou art mine;
Make me wholly Thine.*

2 Wholly Thine, my Lord,
To go when Thou dost call;
Thine to yield my very self
In all things, great and small.

3 Wholly Thine, O Lord,|
In every passing hour;
Thine in silence, Thine to speak,
As Thou dost grant the power.

4 Wholly Thine, O Lord,
To fashion as thou wilt,—
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.

5 Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
For ever one with Thee—
Rooted, grounded in Thy love,
Abiding, sure, and free.

138

I AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard
Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith
And be closer drawn to Thee.

*Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed
Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.*

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service
Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast
hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy Throne I spend,
When I kneel in pray'r and with Thee
my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I can
not know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not
reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

139

ALL my doubts I give to Jesus!
I've His gracious promise heard

"I shall never be confounded"

I am trusting in that word.

*I am trusting, fully trusting,
Sweetly trusting in His word.*

*I am trusting, fully trusting,
Sweetly trusting in His word.*

2 All my sin I lay on Jesus?

He doth wash me in His blood;

He will keep me pure and holy,
He will bring me home to God.

3 All my fears I give to Jesus!

Rests my weary soul on Him;

Tho' my way be hid in darkness,
Never can His light grow dim.

4 All my joys I give to Jesus!

He is all I want of bliss;

He of all the worlds is Master—
He has all I need in this.

5 All I am I give to Jesus!

All my body, all my soul,

All I have, and all I hope for,
While eternal ages roll.

140

'MAN of sorrows,' what a name
For the Son of God, who came,
To win'd sinners to reclaim!

Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;

Sealed my pardon with His blood;
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Guilty, vile and helpless, we;

Useless Lamb of God was He,

Full atonement," can it be?

Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Lifted up was He to die,

"It is finished," was His cry.

Now in heaven exalted high;

Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

When He comes, our glorious King,

All His ransomed home to bring,

Then anew this song we'll sing:

Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

41

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun

Does his successive journeys run;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore

'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the princes meet,

To pay their homage at His feet,
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,

And endless praises crown His head.

His name like sweet perfume shall rise

With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue

Dwell on His love with sweetest song

And infant voices shall proclaim

Their early blessings on His name.

142

MY song shall be of Jesus,
His mercy crowns my days,

He fills my cup with blessings,

And tunes my heart to praise;

My song shall be of Jesus,

The precious Lamb of God,

Who gave Himself my ransom,

And bought me with His blood.

2 My song shall be of Jesus,

When, sitting at His feet,

I call to mind His goodness,

In meditation sweet;

My song shall be of Jesus,

Whatever ill betide;

I'll sing the grace that saves me,

And keeps me at His side.

3 My song shall be of Jesus,

While pressing on my way

To reach the blissful region

Of pure and perfect day.

And when my soul shall enter

The gate of Eden fair,

A song of praise to Jesus

I'll sing forever there.

143

DO you see the Hebrew captive kneeling,
At morning, noon and night to pray?

In his chamber he remembers Zion,

Though in exile far away.

Are your windows open toward Jeru-

salem?

Tho' as captives here a "little while"

we stay,

For the coming of the King in His

glory.

Are you watching day by day?

2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,
Nor shrink the lion's den to share;
For the God of Daniel will deliver,
He will send His angel there.

3 Children of the living God, take courage;

Your great deliverance sweetly sing:
Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,
Thence to hail our coming King.

144

ONLY a step to Jesus!
Then why not take it now?
Come, and thy sin confessing,
To Him thy Saviour bow.

*Only a step, only a step;
Come, He waits for thee;
Come, and thy sin confessing,
Thou shalt receive a blessing,
Do not reject the mercy
He freely offers thee.*

2 Only a step to Jesus!
Believe, and thou shalt live;
Lovingly now He's waiting,
And ready to forgive.

3 Only a step to Jesus!
A step from sin to grace;
What hast thy heart decided?
The moments fly apace.

4 Only a step to Jesus!
Why not come, and say,
Gladly to Thee, my Saviour,
I give myself away.

145

TO the work! to the work! we are servants of God.
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod.

With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew;
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

Toiling on, (toiling on,) toiling on, (toiling on,) Toiling on, (toiling on,) toiling on, (toiling on,)

Let us hope, (and trust,) let us watch, (and pray,)

And labor till the Master comes.

2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;

To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;

In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,

While we herald the tidings, "*Salvation is free!*"

3 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all,

For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;

And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be

In the loud swelling chorus, "*Salvation is free!*"

4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,

And a robe and a crown shall our labor reward;

When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,

And we shout with the ransom'd "*Salvation is free!*"

146

SUFF'RING Saviour, with thorn-crown,

Bruis'd and bleeding, sinking down;
Heavy laden, weary worn.

Fainting, dying, crush'd and torn—
All for me, yes, all for me.

2 Jesus, Saviour, pure and mild,
Let me ever be Thy child;

So unworthy though I be,
Thou did'st suffer this for me,—

All for me, yes, all for me.

3 Fain would I to Thee be brought,
Blessed Lord, forbid it not;

In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give Thy wandering child a place,

Oh, bless me, yes, even me.

147

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;

The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn awakes.

Dark, dark hath been the midnight
But day-spring is at hand,

And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 I've wrestled on toward heaven,
 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
 Now, like a weary trav'ler,
 That leaneth on his guide,
 Amid the shades of evening,
 While sinks life's lingering sand,
 I hail the glory dawning,
 From Immanuel's land.

3 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
 The hedge of thorns was sharp;
 Now these lie all behind me—
 O! for a well tuned harp!
 O, to join the hallelujah
 With yon triumphant band!
 Who sing where glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's land.

148

DARK is the night, and cold the wind
 is blowing,
 Nearer and nearer comes the break-
 er's roar;

Where shall I go, or whither fly for re-
 fuge?

Hide me, my Father, till the storm is
 o'er.

*With His loving hand to guide, let the
 clouds above me roll.*

*And the billows in their fury dash
 around me.*

*I can brave the wildest storm, with His
 glory in my soul,*

*I can sing amidst the tempest—
 Praise the Lord!*

Dark is the night, but cheering is the
 promise;

He will go with me o'er the troubled
 wave;

Safe He will lead me through the path-
 less waters,

Jesus, the mighty One, and strong to
 save.

Dark is the night, but lo; the day is
 breaking,

Onward, my bark, unfurl thy every
 sail;

Now at the helm I see my Father stand-
 ing,

Soon will my anchor drop within the
 vail.

149

LO! the day of God is breaking;
 See the gleaming from afar!
 Sons of earth from slumber waking.
 Hail the bright and Morning Star.
*Hear the call! O gird your armor on,
 Grasp the Spirit's mighty sword;
 Take the helmet of salvation,
 Pressing on to battle for the Lord!*

2 Trust in Him who is your Captain;
 Let no heart in terror quail;
 Jesus leads the gath'ring legions,
 In His name we shall prevail.

3 Onward marching, firm and steady,
 Faint not, fear not Satan's frown,
 For the Lord is with you always,
 Till you wear the Victor's crown.

4 Conq'ring hosts with banners waving,
 Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,
 Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,
 "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

150

HO! reapers of life's harvest.
 Why stand with rusted blade,
 Until the night draws round thee,
 And day begins to fade?
 Why stand ye idle, waiting
 For reapers more to come?
 The golden morn is passing,
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
 And gather in the grain.
 The night is fast approaching,
 And soon will come again.
 The Master calls for reapers,
 And shall He call in vain?
 Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
 And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain
 In morning's ruddy glow,
 Nor wait until the dial
 Points to the noon below;
 And come with stronger sinew;
 Nor faint in heat or cold,
 And pause not till the evening
 Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of wisdom,
 And crush each error low;

Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know,
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet,
Shall be thy just reward.

151

I'VE found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain;
I've found a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring,
||: A whispered promise stealing
O'er every broken string. :||

2 I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail;
A handful of sweet manna
When grapes of Eschol fail;
I've found a Rock of Ages
When desert wells are dry;
||: And after weary stages,
I've found an Elim high. :||

3 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade;
A blessing in its fullness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition,
I've seen a rainbow light;
||: A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight. :||

4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint;
||: The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint. :||

152

I LOVE to think of the heavenly land,
Where white robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered safe,
From fear and toil and care.

*There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting there.*

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless joyous strains.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns
ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.

153

"CALL them in,"—the poor, the
wretched,
Sin-stained wand'ers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer;
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in,"—the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;
He is waiting—"call them in."

2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast;
"Call them in"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least;
Forth the Father runs to meet them;
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals,
Wait the lost ones—"call them in."

3 "Call them in"—the mere professors
Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink
Nought of life are they possessors,
Yet of safety vainly think;
Bring them in—the careless scoffers,
Pleasure seekers of the earth;
Tell of God's most gracious offers,
And of Jesus priceless worth.

4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame
Speak Love's message low and tender,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came:
See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;

Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"call them in."

154

REPEAT the story o'er and o'er,
 Of *grace* so full and free;
 I love to hear it more and more,
 Since *grace* has rescued me.

*The half was never told,
 The half was never told,
 Of grace divine, so wonderful,
 The half was never told.*

2 Of *peace* I only knew the name,
 Nor found my soul its rest
 Until the sweet-voiced angel came
 To soothe my weary breast.

3 My highest place is lying low
 At my Redeemer's feet;
 No real *joy* in life I know,
 But in His service sweet.

4 And oh, what rapture will it be
 With all the host above,
 To sing through all eternity
 The wonders of His *love*.

155

OH, where are the reapers that garner
 in
 The sheaves of the good from the fields
 of sin:
 With sickles of truth must the work be
 done,
 And no one may rest till the "harvest
 home,"

*Where are the reapers? Oh, who will
 come
 And share in the glory of the "harvest
 home?"*

*Oh, who will help us to garner in
 The sheaves of good from the fields of
 sin.*

2 Go out in the by-ways and search them
 all;
 The wheat may be there, though the
 weeds are tall;
 Then search in the highway, and pass
 none by,
 But gather from all for the home on
 high.

3 The fields all are ripening, and far
 and wide
 The world now is waiting the harvest
 tide;
 But reapers are few, and the work is
 great,
 And much will be lost should the har-
 vest wait.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of
 men,
 And gather together the golden grain;
 Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
 Then share ye His joy in the "harvest
 home."

156

I BRING my *sins* to Thee,
 The sins I cannot count,
 That all may cleansed be
 In Thy once opened Fount;
 I bring them Saviour, all to Thee;
 The burden is too great for me,
 The burden is too great for me.

2 I bring my *grief* to Thee,
 The grief I cannot tell;
 No words shall needed be.
 Thou knowest all so well;
 I bring the sorrow laid on me.
 ||: O suffering Saviour, all to Thee.:||

3 My *joys* to Thee I bring.
 The joys Thy love has given;
 That each may be a wing
 To lift me nearer heaven,
 I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
 ||: Who hast procured them all for me.:||

4 My *life* I bring to Thee,
 I would not be my own;
 O Saviour, let me be
 Thine ever, Thine alone,
 My heart, my life, my all I bring
 ||: To Thee, my Saviour and my King. :||

157

I HAVE heard of a Saviour's love,
 And a wonderful love it must be;
 But did He come down from above,
 Out of love and compassion for me,
 for me,
 Out of love and compassion for me?

*Yes, yes, yes, for me, for me,
 Yes, yes, yes, for me;*

*Our Lord, from above in His infinite love,
On the cross died to save you and me.*

2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,
How He languish'd and died on the tree;

But then is it anywhere said,
That He languish'd and suffered for me, for me,
That He languish'd and suffered for me?

3 I've been told of a heav'n on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me, for me,
Made ready and furnished for me?

4 Lord, answer these questions of mine,
To whom shall I go but to Thee?
And say by Thy spirit divine,
1. There's a Saviour and heaven for me,
for me,
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

158

STANDING by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's Band!
*Dare to be Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!*

2 Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host,
By joining Daniel's Band.
3 Many giants great and tall,
Stalking thro' the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's Band.
4 Hold the gospel banner high!
On to victory grand!
Satan and his host defy,
And shout for Daniel's Band.

159

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;

O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
Ever faithful, Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey;
May we ever, May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

160

AT the feet of Jesus;
List'ning to His word,
Learning wisdom's lesson
From her loving Lord,
Mary, led by heav'nly grace,
Choose the meek disciple's place,
At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,
There a humble learner would I choose to be.

2 At the feet of Jesus,
Pouring perfume rare,
Mary did her Saviour
For the grave prepare;
And, from love the "good work" done,
She her Lord's approval won,
At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,
There in sweetest service would I ever be.

3 At the feet of Jesus,
In the morning hour,
Loving hearts receiving
Resurrection power,
Haste with joy to preach the word;
"Christ is risen, Praise the Lord!"
At the feet of Jesus risen now for me,
I shall sing His praises through eternity.

161

OH for the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom
and smile;
Oh, for the faith to grasp "Heaven's
bright forever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little
while."

- 2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping;
To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.
- 3 "A little while" the earthen pitcher taking,
To wayside brooks, from far off fountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fullness of the Fountain-head.
- 4 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

162

MY hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

*On Christ the solid Rock I stand:
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.*

When darkness veils His lovely face,
rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, His covenant, His blood,
support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in Him be found;

Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

63

NOW just a word for Jesus;
Your dearest friend so true;
Come, cheer our hearts and tell us
What He has done for you.

*Now just a word for Jesus,
'Twill help us on our way;
One little word for Jesus,
O speak, or sing, or pray.*

2 Now just a word for Jesus;
You feel your sins forgiven,
And by His grace are striving
To reach a home in heaven.

3 Now just a word for Jesus;
A cross it cannot be
To say, I love my Saviour
Who gave His life for me.

4 Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.

5 Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to Him.

164

LOOK away to Jesus,
Soul by woe oppress'd;
'Twas for thee He suffer'd,
Come to Him and rest,
All thy griefs He carried,
All thy sins He bore;
Look away to Jesus;
Trust Him evermore.

2 Look away to Jesus,
Soldier in the fight;
When the battle thickens
Keep thine armor bright;
Though thy foes be many,
Though thy strength be small
Look away to Jesus;
He shall conquer all.

3 Look away to Jesus,
When the skies are fair;
Calm seas have their dangers;
Mariner beware!
Earthly joys are fleeting,
Going as they came,
Look away to Jesus,
Evermore the same.

4 Look away to Jesus,
'Mid the toil and heat;
Soon will come the resting
At the Master's feet;

For the guests are bidden,
And the feast is spread;
Look away to Jesus,
In His footsteps tread.

5 When amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing His praises,
Thine shall not be least;
Then, amid the glories
Of the crystal sea,
Look away to Jesus,
Through eternity.

165

SIMPLY trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus that is all.

*Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.*

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear,
Praying if the path is drear;
If in danger for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

166

WE'RE marching to Canaan with banner and song,
We're soldiers enlisted to fight 'gainst the wrong,
But, lest in the conflict our strength should divide,
We ask, who among us, is on the Lord's side?

Oh, who is there among us, the true and the tried.

Who'll stand by his colors—who's on the Lord's side?

Who, who is there among us, the true and the tried.

Who'll stand by his colors—who's on the Lord's side?

2 The sword may be burnished, the armor be bright,
For Satan appears as an angel of light;
Yet darkly the bosom may treachery hide,

While lips are professing, "I'm on the Lord's side."

3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?

Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;

Oh, haste, while He's waiting and seek the Lord's side.

4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong,

For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;

So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,

We'll shout, as we triumph, "I'm on the Lord's side."

167

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?

Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

*Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.*

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?

Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;

Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely
sorrow;

Wilt thou not tend them yet a little
while?

4 Not now; for wounded hearts are
sorely bleeding,

And thou must teach those widowed
hearts to sing;

Not now; for orphan's tears are quickly
falling,

They must be gathered 'neath some
sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the
dying,

And speak that name in all its living
power;

Why should thy fainting heart grow
chill and weary?

Canst thou not watch with Me one
little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious
crowning;

The golden harp-strings, and the vic-
tor's palm,

One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving
psalm!

48

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;

Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

*Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.*

2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go:

Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

49

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

*Saved by grace alone,
This is all my plea;
Jesus died for all mankind,
And Jesus died for me.*

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet,
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise;

50

PRECIOUS promise God hath given,
To the weary passer-by,

On the way from earth to heaven,

"I will guide thee with mine eye."

*I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye;"
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."*

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly;

Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by;

Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die;

Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

51

HE leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort
fraught;

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

*He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.*

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
gloom,

Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea.—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

52

DOWN life's dark vale we wander,
Till Jesus comes;
We watch and wait and wonder,
Till Jesus comes.

*All joy His loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes,
All beauty bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.*

2 Oh, let my lamp be burning
When Jesus comes:
For Him my soul be yearning,
When Jesus comes.

3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes;

4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes.
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.

5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;

He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.

53

WHAT! "lay my sins on Jesus!"
God's well-beloved Son!
No! 'tis a truth most precious,
That God e'en *that* has done.
*Hallelujah! Jesus saves me,
He makes me "white as snow,"
Hallelujah! Jesus saves me,
He makes me "white as snow."*

2 Yes, 'tis a truth most precious,
To all who do believe,
God laid our sins on Jesus,
Who did the load receive.

3 What! "bring our guilt to Jesus!"
To wash away our stains;
The act is passed that freed us,
And naught to do remains.

54

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And That Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yes, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

55

TO-DAY the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'ers come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

56

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

*"Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest Name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus."*

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and
small,
Who love the name of Jesus;
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His
praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all, your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus.

57

O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy
head!

Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Did'st bear all ill for me.

A Victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup—
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark
drop—

'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup,—love drank it up;
Now blessings draught for me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage
marred—

Now cloudless peace for me.

5 Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died for Thee;
Thou'rt risen, my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me.

58

OH, to be over yonder.
In that land of wonder,
Where the angel voices mingle, and the
angel harpers ring;

To be free from pain and sorrow,
And the anxious, dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine, in the
presence of the King.

2 Oh, to be over yonder!
My yearning heart grows fonder
Of looking to the east, to see the blessed
day-star bring
Some tidings of the waking,
The cloudless, pure day breaking;—
My heart is yearning—yearning for the
coming of the King.

3 Oh, to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart
to any earthly thing;
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever,
But there's no more separation in the
presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling—
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the
vaulted heavens ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the pres-
ence of the King.

5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed
ones do sing
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence
of the King.

6 Oh, I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—
longing for the bird's fleet wing;
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder, in
the presence of the King.

59

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;

I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.
*I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow.
Save me Jesus, save me now.*

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
“I will cleanse you from all sin.”

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

60

ALL the way my Saviour leads me:
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who thro' life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
||: For I know whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well. :||

2 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread;
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
||: Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see. :||

3 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Oh, the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above;
When my spirit, cloth'd immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
||: This my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way. :||

61

GO bury thy sorrow,
The world has its share:
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly,
When curtained by night,
Go tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief,
Go gather the sunshine
He sheds on the way;
He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go,
Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine—
Tell Jesus the rest.

62

COME to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He's shown us
the way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

*Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and
free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.*

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His
voice,
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-
day;
Heed now His blest commands, and
obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, My children, come!"

63

I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.
*I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.*

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love;
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

64

TO the hall of the feast came the sin-
ful and fair;
She heard in the city that Jesus was
there;
Unheeding the splendor that blazed on
the board,
||: She silently knelt at the feet of the
Lord. :||

2 The frown and the murmur went
round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in
that hall;
And some said the poor would be ob-
jects more meet,
||: As the wealth of her perfume she
shower'd on His feet. :||

3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke
but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of
His eyes;
And the hot tears gushed forth at each
heave of her breast,
||: As her lips to His sandals were throb-
bly pressed.:||

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth
the bow,—
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth
the snow,
He looked on that lost one: "her sins
were forgiven."
||: And the sinner went forth in the
beauty of heaven.:||

65
BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mer-
cy
From His light-house evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

*Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.*

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor seaman tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.

66
A LONG time I wandered in darkness
and sin,
And wondered if ever the light would
shine in;
I heard Christian friends tell of rapture
divine,
And wish'd, how I wish'd that their
Saviour were mine.
*I wish'd He were mine, yes, I wish'd He
were mine;
I wished, how I wished that their Saviour
were mine.*

2 I heard the glad gospel of "good-will
to men;"
I read "whosoever" again and again;
I said to my soul, "Can that promise be
thine?"
And then began hoping that Jesus was
mine.

*I hoped He was mine, yes, I hoped He
was mine;
I then began hoping that Jesus was mine.*

3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even
me!
"Thy portion forever," He says, "will
I be,"
On His word I'm resting—assurance
divine—
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is
mine!

*I know He is mine, yes, I know He is
mine!
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is
mine.*

67
THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain;
There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews Old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood
Should fright us from the shore.

68 *Tune—RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. Key C.*

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,

Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

69

"**TILL He come!**"—Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think, how heav'n and home
Lie beyond that "**Till He come!**"
2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on that rest above,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "**Till He come!**"
3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "**Till He come!**"
4 See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
S severed only "**Till He come!**"

70

DENNIS. S. M. Key F.

HOW solemn are the words
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"**Ye must be born again!**"
2 "**Ye must be born again!**"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.
3 "**Ye must be born again!**"
And life in *Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis *He alone* can save.

4 "**Ye must be born again!**"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.

71 ORTONVILLE. C. M. Key Bb.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.
5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

72

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.
*Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.*

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.
3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!
4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,

King of kings in heav'n we'll crown
Him,
When our journey is complete.

73

IT passeth knowledge: that dear love
of Thine!
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this soul of
mine
Would of that love, in all its depth and
length,
Its height, and breadth, and everlasting
strength,
Know more and more.

2 It passeth *telling!* that dear love of
Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet these lips of
mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and
near
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

3 It passeth *praises!* that dear love of
Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this heart of
mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so
free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such
as me,
Right home to God.

4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or
know,
The fulness of that love, whilst here
below,
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring;—
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

5 I *am* an empty vessel! scarce one
thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever
brought;
Yet I *may* come, and come again to
Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truth-
ful plea—

"Thou lovest me!"

6 Oh! *fill* me, Jesus! Saviour! with
Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount a-
above;

Thither may I in childlike faith draw
nigh,
And never to another fountain fly
But unto Thee.

7 And when, my Jesus, Thy dear face
I see,
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the
knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth
and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting
strength—
My soul shall sing.

74

OH, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and empty vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied that He might fill me
As forth to His service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered
His life through me might flow.
*Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.*

2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command;
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me
In silence to wait on Him still.

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be;
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour
see,
Rather be nothing, nothing,—
To Him let our voices be raised:
He is the fountain of blessing,
He only is most to be praised.

75

"ALMOST persuaded" now to be-
lieve;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive,

Seems now some soul to say,
 "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
 Some more convenient day
 On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;

"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are lingering near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
 "O wanderer, come."

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!

"Almost" cannot avail;
 "Almost" is but to fail!
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
 "Almost—but lost!"

76

FULLY persuaded, Lord, I believe!
 Fully persuaded, Thy Spirit give;
 I will obey Thy call;
 Low at Thy feet I fall;
 Now I surrender all,
 Christ to receive.

2 Fully persuaded—Lord, hear my cry!
 Fully persuaded—pass me not by;

Just as I am, I come,
 I will no longer roam,
 O make my heart Thy home;
 Save, or I die!

3 Fully persuaded, no more oppress,
 Fully persuaded, now I am blest;
 Jesus is now my Guide,
 I will in Christ abide;
 My soul is satisfied
 In Him to rest!

4 Fully persuaded; Jesus is mine;
 Fully persuaded, Lord I am Thine!
 O make my love to Thee
 Like Thine own love to me,
 So rich, so full and free,—
 Saviour divine!

77

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour
 of prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known;
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief;
 ||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless.
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 ||: I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray-
 er! :||

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

May I thy consolation share,
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home and take my flight;
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 ||: And shout while passing through the
 air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray-
 er! :||

78

ONE offer of salvation,
 To all the world make known;
 The only sure foundation
 Is Christ the Corner Stone.

*No other name is given,
 No other way is known;
 'Tis Jesus Christ the First and Last,
 He saves, and He alone.*

2 One only door of heaven
 Stands open wide to-day,
 One sacrifice is given,
 'Tis Christ, the Living Way.

3 My only song and story
 Is—Jesus died for me;
 My only hope for glory
 The Cross of Calvary.

79

SOWING the seed by the daylight
 fair,
 Sowing the seed by the noonday glare.

Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

*Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.*

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

80

THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One,

There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,

Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

Look! look! look and live!

There is life for a look at the Crucified One,

There is life at this moment for thee.

2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.
5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never can'st die
Since Jesus thy righteousness, lives.

81

YET there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Yet there is room! still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

6 Pass, in, pass in: that banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter
now!

8 Louder and sweeter, sounds the loving
call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal
hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter
now!

9 Ere night that gate may close, and
seal thy doom;
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room,
no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No
room!"

82

ONLY an armor-bearer, proudly I
stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's com-
mand;
Marching, if "onward" shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faith-
fully.

*Hearye the battle cry! "Forward" the call!
See! see the faltering ones! backward
they fall.*

*||: Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armor-bearer I may be.:||*

2 Only an armor-bearer, now in the
field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and
shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here
am I."

3 Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown
wear:
If, in the battle, to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand
Review.

83

LIGHT in the darkness, sailor, day is
at hand!
See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's
land,

Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost
o'er,
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for
the shore.

*Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the
shore!*

*Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to
the oar;*

*Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self
no more!*

*Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and
pull for the shore.*

2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else
will fail,
Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the
gale,

Heed not the stormy winds, though loud-
ly they roar;

Watch the "bright and morning star,"
and pull for the shore.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up
lift the eye;

Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory
is nigh!

Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing ever-
more;

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the
shore.

84

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him lie down no more in sin.

5 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless
store;

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we
wake,

Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

85

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide:
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

86

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee:

Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

87

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
*Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.*

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee,
While the streams of life are springing
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

88

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

89

YIELD not to temptation,
 For yielding is sin,
 Each victory will help you
 Some other to win;
 Fight manfully onward,
 Dark passions subdue,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

*Ask the Saviour to help you,
 Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
 He is willing to aid you,
 He will carry you through.*

2 Shun evil companions,
 Bad language disdain,
 God's name hold in reverence,
 Nor take it in vain;
 Be thoughtful and earnest,
 Kind-hearted and true,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
 God giveth a crown,
 Through faith we shall conquer,
 Though often cast down;
 He who is our Saviour,
 Our strength will renew,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

90

I LEFT it all with Jesus
 Long ago;
 All my sins I brought Him,
 And my woe.
 When by faith I saw Him
 On the tree,
 Heard His small, still whisper,
 'Tis for thee,
 ||: From my heart the burden
 Rolled away—Happy day! :||

2 I leave it all with Jesus,
 For He knows
 How to steal the bitter
 From life's woes;
 How to gild the tear-drop
 With His smile,
 Make the desert garden
 Bloom awhile;
 ||: When my weakness leaneth
 On His might, All seems light. :||

3 I leave it all with Jesus
 Day by-day;
 Faith can firmly trust Him,
 Come what may,
 Hope has dropped her anchor,
 Found her rest
 In the calm, sure haven
 Of His breast
 ||: Love esteems it heaven
 To abide At His side. :||

4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus,
 Drooping soul!
 Tell not *half* thy story,
 But the whole,
 Worlds on worlds are hanging
 On His hand,
 Life and death are waiting
 His command;
 ||: Yet His tender bosom
 Makes thee room—Oh, come home. :||

91

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

*Lose all their guilty stains,
 Lose all their guilty stains;*

*And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.*

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.—Wash, &c.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.—And shall, &c.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.—Lies silent,
&c.

92

OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair.
Are robed in their garments of white.

*Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.*

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the
air,

In their home in the palace of God.

*Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.*

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at
rest;

Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

*Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.*

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

*Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.*

93

MORE holiness give me.
More strivings within;
More patience in suff'ring,
More sorrow for sin,

More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care;
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord;
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word;
More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be;
More blessed and holy.
More, Saviour, like Thee.

94

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

*Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.*

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood.
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

95

OH, come to the Saviour, believe in
His name,
And ask Him your heart to renew;
He waits to be gracious. O turn not away,
For now there is pardon for you.

*Yes, there is pardon for you,
Yes, there is pardon for you;
For Jesus has died to redeem you,
And offers full pardon to you.*

2 The way of transgression that leads
unto death,

Oh, why will you longer pursue?

How can you reject the sweet message
of love

That offers full pardon for you?

3 Be warned of your danger, escape to
the cross;

Your only salvation is there;

Believe, and that moment the Spirit of
grace

Will answer your penitent prayer.

93

NOTHING but leaves! The spirit
grieves

O'er years of wasted life;

O'er sins indulg'd while conscience slept,

O'er vows and promises unkept

And reap from years of strife—

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered
sheaves,

Of life's fair ripening grain:

We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds—

Words, idle words, for earnest deeds—

Then reap with toil and pain,

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! sad mem'ry
weaves

No vail to hide the past:

And as we trace our weary way,

And count each lost and misspent day

We sadly find at last—

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?

Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,

Before the awful judgment-seat

Lay down for golden sheaves.

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

97

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,

All His jewels, precious jewels,

His loved and His own.

*Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.*

2 He will gather, He will gather

The gems for His kingdom:

All the pure ones, all the bright ones,

His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children,

Who love their Redeemer,

Are the jewels, precious jewels,

His loved and His own.

98

“**G**O work in My vineyard;” there’s
plenty to do;

The harvest is great, and the lab’rers
are few;

There’s weeding, and fencing, and
clearing of roots,

And plowing, and sowing, and gather-
ing the fruits.

There are foxes to take, there are
wolves to destroy,

All ages and ranks I can fully employ:
I’ve sheep to be tended, and lambs to

be fed;

The lost must be gathered, the weary
ones led.

*Go work, go work, go work in My vine-
yard;*

There’s plenty to do;

*Go work, go work. The harvest is great,
And the lab’rers are few.*

2 “Go work in My vineyard;” I claim
thee as Mine;

With blood did I buy thee and all that
is thine—

Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest
powers,

Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest
hours.

I willingly yielded My kingdom for
thee,

The songs of archangels—to hang on
the tree,

In pain and temptation, in anguish and
shame,

I paid thy full ransom; My purchase I
claim.

3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh,
work while 'tis day!
The bright hours of sunshine are hast-
ening away,
And night's gloomy shadows are gath-
ering fast;
Then the time for our labor shall ever
be past.
Begin in the morning and toil all the
day;
Thy strength I'll supply, and thy
wages I'll pay:
And blessèd, thrice blessèd, the dili-
gent few,
Who'll finish the labor I've given them
to do.

99

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His Grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls.
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now, incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

100

MY heart, that was heavy and sad,
Was made to rejoice and be glad,
And peace without measure I had,
When the Comforter came.

*Peace, sweet peace,
Peace when the Comforter came!
My heart that was heavy and sad,
Was made to rejoice and be glad,
And peace without measure I had,
When the Comforter came.*

2 To sin and to evil inclined,
With darkness pervading my mind,
No rest I could anywhere find,
Till the Comforter came.

3 The voice of thanksgiving I raised,
The Lord, my Redeemer, I praised,
I was at His mercy amazed,
When the Comforter came.

101

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
||: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.:||
2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

102

OFOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.
3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

103

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds
withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor
bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

104

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;

3 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee
without doubt;
"Whoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast
out."
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy
blood—
These my soul's salvation, Thou my
Saviour God!

342

"NOT my own," but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His blood,
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord.
"Not my own!" O "not my own!"
Jesus, I belong to Thee?
All I have, and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity.

2 "Not my own!" to Christ my Saviour,
I believing, trust my soul;
Ev'rything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.

3 "Not my own!" my time, my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

4 "Not my own!" the Lord accepts me,
One among the ransomed throng,
Who in heav'n shall see His glory,
And to Jesus Christ belong.

343

WITH His dear and loving care,
Will the Saviour lead us on,
To the hills and valleys fair
Over Jordan?
Yes, we'll rest our weary feet
By the crystal waters, sweet,
When the peaceful shore we greet
Over Jordan.

*Over Jordan! over Jordan;
Yes, we'll rest our weary feet,
By the crystal waters sweet,
Over Jordan, over Jordan;
When the peaceful shores we'll greet
Over Jordan.*

2 Through the rocky wilderness,
Will the Saviour lead us on,
To the land we shall possess
Over Jordan?

Yes, by night the wondrous ray,
Cloudy pillar by the day,
They shall guide us on our way
Over Jordan.

3 With His strong and mighty hand,
Will the Saviour lead us on,
To that good and pleasant land
Over Jordan?

Yes, where vine and olive grow,
And the brooks and fountains flow,
Thirst nor hunger shall we know
Over Jordan.

4 In the Promised Land to be,
Will the Saviour lead us on,
Till fair Canaan's shore we see
Over Jordan?

Yes! to dwell with Thee, at last,
Guide and lead us, as Thou hast,
Till the parted wave be passed
Over Jordan.

344

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good,
Praise to our God to sing;
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.

*Praise the Lord, it is good,
Praise to our God to sing;
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.*

2 Those that are broken in their heart,
And troubled in their minds,
He healeth, and their painful wounds,
He tenderly upbids.

3 He counts the number of the stars;
He names them ev'ry one:
Our Lord is great, and of great power,
His wisdom search can none.

345

O I left it all with Jesus, long ago;
All my sins I brought Him and my
woe,
When by faith I saw Him bleeding on
the tree;
Heard His still small whisper, "'Tis
for Thee!"

||: *From my weary heart the burden
rolled away,
Happy day! happy day!:* ||

2 O I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows,
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
How to gild the tear of sorrow with His smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile.

||: Then with all my weakness leaning on All is light! all is light!: || [His might,

3 O I leave all with Jesus, day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may;

Hope has dropp'd for aye her anchor,
found her rest,

In the calm, sure haven of His breast.

||: Love esteems it joy of heaven to abide At His side! at His side!: ||

4 Leave, O leave it all with Jesus,
drooping soul;

Tell not half thy story, but the whole;
Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His hand,

Life and death are waiting His command,

||: Yes, His tender, loving mercy makes thee room:

O come home! O come home!: ||

346

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners spare?

*God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus lives and loves me still;
Jesus lives,
He lives and loves me still.*

2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

347

THE blood has always precious been,
'Tis precious now to me;
Through it alone my soul has rest,
From fear and doubt set free.

*O wondrous is the crimson tide
Which from my Saviour flowed;
And still in heav'n my song shall be,
The precious, precious blood.*

2 I will remember now no more,
God's faithful Word has said,
The follies and the sins of him
For whom my Son has bled.

3 Not all my well-remembered sins
Can startle or dismay;

The precious blood atones for all
And bears my guilt away.

4 Perhaps this feeble frame of mine
Will soon in sickness lie

But resting on the precious blood
How peacefully I'll die.

348

LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.

In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,

Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour.
Is my name written there?

Is my name written there,

On the page white and fair!

In the book of Thy kingdom,

Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me;

For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 O that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,
Yes, my name's written there.

349

HELPLESS, I come to Jesus' blood,
And all myself resign;

I lose my weakness in that flood,
And gather strength divine.
||: *My soul will overcome by the blood of
the Lamb;||*
*Overcome, overcome,
Overcome by the blood of the Lamb.*
2 'Tis Jesus gives me life within,
And nerves me for the fray;
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin,
And took their pow'r away.
3 Tho' clouds of conflict hide my view,
And foes are fierce and strong,
In Jesus' name I'll struggle thro',
And enter heaven with song.

350

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love;
O name of might and favor,
All other names above,
*We worship Thee! we bless Thee!
To Thee alone we sing!
We praise Thee and confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King!*

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth.
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth
O Son of God, is Thine.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song, above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love.

*Then shall we praise and bless Thee!
Where perfect praises ring!
And evermore confess Thee.
Our Saviour and our King.*

351

SOUL of mine, in earthly temple,
Why not here content abide!
Why art thou forever pleading?
Why art thou not satisfied?
||: *I shall be satisfied
When I awake in His likeness.* ||

2 Soul of mine, my heart is clinging
To the earth's fair pomp and pride;

Ah, why dost thou thus reprove me?
Why art thou not satisfied?

3 Soul of mine, must I surrender,
See myself as crucified;
Turn from all of earth's ambition,
That thou may'st be satisfied!

4 Soul of mine, continue pleading,
Sin rebuke, and folly chide;
I accept the cross of Jesus,
That thou may'st be satisfied.

352

TRUST on! trust on, believer!
Tho' long the conflict be,
Thou yet shalt prove victorious;
Thy God shall fight for thee.

*Trust on! trust on!
Tho' dark the night and drear;
Trust on! trust on!
The morning dawn is near.*

2 Trust on! trust on; thy failings
May bow thee to the dust,
But in thy deepest sorrow,
O give not up thy trust.

3 Trust on! the danger presses;
Temptation strong is near,
Yet o'er life's dangerous rapids,
He shall thy passage steer.

4 O Christ is strong to save us,
He is a faithful Friend,
Trust on! trust on! believer,
O trust Him to the end.

353

SHOULD the Death angel knock at
thy chamber,
In the still watch of to-night;
Say will your spirit pass into torment,
Or to the land of delight?
*Say are you ready, O are you ready?
If the Death angel should call;
Say are you ready? O are you ready?
Mercy stands waiting for all.*

2 Many sad spirits now are departing
Into the world of despair;
Ev'ry brief moment brings your doom
nearer.

Sinner, O sinner, beware!

3 Many redeemed ones now are ascend-
ing
Into the mansions of light;

Jesus is pleading, patiently pleading,
O let Him save you to-night.

354

TRUSTING in the Lord thy God,
Onward go! onward go!
Holding fast His promised word,
Onward go!

Ne'er deny His worthy Name,
Tho' it bring reproach and shame;
Spreading still His wondrous fame,
Onward go!

2 Has He called thee to the plough?
Onward go! onward go!
Night is coming, serve Him now;
Onward go!

Faith and love in service blend;
On His mighty arm depend;
Standing fast until the end,
Onward go!

3 Has He given thee golden grain?
Onward go! onward go!
Sow, and thou shalt reap again;
Onward go!

To thy Master's gate repair,
Watching be and waiting there;
He will hear and answer prayer,
Onward go!

4 Has He said the end is near?
Onward go! onward go!
Serving Him with holy fear,
Onward go!

Christ thy portion, Christ thy stay,
Heavenly bread upon the way,
Leading on to glorious day,
Onward go!

5 In this little moment then,
Onward go! onward go!
In thy ways acknowledge Him;
Onward go!

Let His mind be found in thee;
Let His will thy pleasure be;
Thus in life and liberty,
Onward go!

355

THE love that Jesus had for me,
To suffer on the cruel tree,
That I a ransomed soul might be,
Is more than tongue can tell.

||: *His love is more than tongue can tell; ||*
The love that Jesus had for me
Is more than tongue can tell.

2 The many sorrows that He bore,
And O, that crown of thorns He wore,
That I might live forevermore,
Is more than tongue can tell.

3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,
Who pleads before the throne of God,
The merit of His precious blood,
Is more than tongue can tell.

4 The joy that comes when He is near,
The rest He gives, so free from fear,
The hope in Him so bright and clear,
Is more than tongue can tell,

356

ALL seeing, gracious Lord—
My heart before Thee lies;
All sin of thought and life abhorred,
My soul to Thee would rise.

Hear Thou my prayer, O God,
Unite my heart to Thee;
Beneath Thy love, beneath Thy rod,
From sin deliver me.

2 Thou knowest all my need,
My inmost thought dost see;
Ah, Lord! from all allurements freed
Like Thee transformed I'd be.

3 Thou holy, blessed One,
To me I pray draw near;
My spirit fill, O heavenly Son,
With loving, Godly fear.

4 Bind Thou my life to Thine,
To me Thy life is given;
While I my all to Thee resign,
Thou art my all in heaven.

357

PRAY, brethren, pray,
The sands are falling;
Pray, brethren, pray,
God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime;
We kneel upon the edge of time.

Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, Eternity,
Eternity is drawing nigh.

2 Praise, brethren, praise,
The skies are rending;
Praise, brethren, praise,

The fight is ending.
Behold! the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon appear.

3 Watch, brethren, watch,
The day is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch,
The time is flying;
Watch as men watch the starting
breath
Watch as men watch for life or death.

4 Look, brethren, look,
The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark,
The dead are waking.
With girded loins already stand;
Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

358

OUR way is often rugged
While here on earth we roam,
And thorns are in the pathway:
But we are going home.

*We're going, going,
Yes, we are going home;
We soon shall cross the river,
And be with Christ at home.*

2 To Marah's bitter waters
We oft have murm'ring come,
But God the cup has sweetened;
And so we're going home.

3 When of the desert weary,
Our God His grace has shown,
By resting us at Elim,
With sweet foretastes of home.

4 With hunger often fainting,
We've made complaining moan;
But, fed by heavenly manna,
We still are going home.

5 Some stand to-day on Nebo,
The journey nearly done,
And some are in the valley;
But all are going home.

359

BROTHER, art thou worn and weary,
Tempted, tried, and soreoppress'd?
Listen to the word of Jesus,
"Come unto me, and rest!"
:: "Come unto me and rest!" ::

*Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
"Come unto me, and rest!"*

2 O He knows the dark forbodings
Of the conscience-troubled breast;
And to such His words is given,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

3 To the Lord bring all your burden,
Put the promise to the test;
Hear Him say, you burden-Bearer
"Come unto me, and rest!"

4 If in sorrow thou art weeping,
Grieving for the loved ones missed,
Surely then to you He whispers,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

5 Trust to Him for all thy future,
He will give thee what is best;
Why then fear when He is saying,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

360

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,

While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue.—
O the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

*::: Going by, going by, :::
O the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.*

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by.
O the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by.
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

361

THEY'RE gathering homeward from
ev'ry land,

One by one! one by one!
 As their weary feet touch the shining
 strand,
 Yes, one by one!
 They rest with the Saviour, they wait
 their crown,
 Their travel-stained garments all laid
 down,
 They wait the white raiment the Lord
 shall prepare
 For all who the glory with Him shall
 share.
Gath'ring home! gath'ring home!
Fording the river one by one!
Gath'ring home! gath'ring home!
Yes, one by one!

2 Before they rest they pass thro' the
 strife,
 One by one! one by one!
 Thro' the waters of death they enter life,
 Yes, one by one!
 To some are the floods of the river still,
 As they ford on their way to the hea-
 venly hill;
 The waves to others run fiercely and
 wild,
 Yet they reach the home of the unde-
 filed.

3 We too must come to the river side,
 One by one! one by one!
 We are nearer its waterseach eventide,
 Yes, one by one!
 We can hear the noise of the dashing
 stream,
 Oft now and again, through our life's
 deep dream;
 Sometimes the dark floods all the banks
 overflow,
 Sometimes in ripples and small waves go.

4 Oh, Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
 One by one! one by one!
 We lift up our voices tremblingly,
 Yes, one by one!
 The waves of the river are dark and cold,
 But we know the place where our feet
 shall hold;
 O Thou who didst pass through the
 deepest midnight,
 Now guide us, and send us the staff and
 light.

362

ONLY a little while
 Of walking with weary feet,
 Patiently over the thorny way
 That leads to the golden street.
 2 Suffer if God shall will,
 And work for Him while we may,
 From Calvary's cross to Zion's crown,
 Is only a little way.
 3 Only a little while,
 For toiling a few short days,
 And then comes the rest, the quiet rest,
 Eternity's endless praise.

363

BEHOLD, what love, what boundless
 love,
 The Father hath bestowed
 On sinners lost, that we should be,
 Now called the sons of God!
Behold, what manner of love!
What manner of love the Father hath be-
stowed upon us,
That we—that we should be called,
Should be called the sons of God.

2 No longer far from Him, but now
 By "precious blood" made nigh;
 Accepted in the "Well-beloved,"
 Near to God's heart we lie.
 3 What we in glory soon shall be,
 It doth not yet appear;
 But when our precious Lord we see,
 We shall His image bear.
 4 With such a blessed hope in view,
 We would more holy be,
 More like our risen, glorious Lord,
 Whose face we soon shall see.

364

I HEAR the words of Jesus,
 They speak of peace with God;
 I see the Lamb, Christ Jesus,
 Who bore my heavy load;
 I trust the blood of Jesus,
 From sin it sets me free,
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Who gave Himself for me.
 2 His word divinely blessed,
 It shows me what I am;

His cross it brings salvation,
The victim was the Lamb;
His blood procureth pardon,
And justifies the soul,
His name, how sweet and precious,
It makes the sinner whole.

- 3 O hear the words of Jesus,
The tidings are for thee;
O clasp the cross of Jesus,
And there for refuge flee;
O trust the blood of Jesus,
Be saved this very hour;
O love the name of Jesus,
Blest name of wondrous power.

365

MY soul is happy all day long—
Jesus is my Saviour;
And all my life is full of song—
Jesus died for me.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
To the loving Lamb for sinners slain;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
To the Lamb who lives again.

- 2 My heavy load of sin is gone—
Jesus is my Saviour;
At His dear cross I laid it down—
Jesus died for me.

- 3 I heard the voice of mercy call—
Jesus is my Saviour;
I simply trusted, that was all—
Jesus died for me.

- 4 Now will I tell it all around—
Jesus is my Saviour;
How sweet a blessing I have found—
Jesus died for me.

366

SAD and weary, lone and dreary,
O Lord, I would Thy call obey;
Thee believing, Christ receiving,
I would come to Thee to-day.

I am coming, I am coming,
Coming, Saviour to be blessed;
I am coming, I am coming,
Coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.

- 2 Thou, the Holy, meek and lowly,
Jesus, unto Thee I come;
Keep me ever, let me never
From Thy blessed keeping roam.

- 3 Here abiding, in Thee hiding,
Seeks my weary soul to rest,
Till the dawning of the morning,
When I wake among the blest.
- 4 Be thou near me, keep and cheer me,
Thro' life's dark and stormy way;
Turn my sadness into gladness,
Turn my darkness into day.

367

I SAW a way-worn traveler
In tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad;
His back was laden heavy
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall wear.

- 2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward
For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

- 3 The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay;
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

- 4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city—
His everlasting home—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

- 5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions,
Safe o'er the dashing foam;

And joined him in his triumph—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore;
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna.
Deliverance has come!

368

JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me I must die;
O bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

*Take me as I am, take me as I am;
Lord, I give myself to Thee,
O take me as I am.*

2 Helpless I am full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt;
And Thou canst make me what Thou
wilt,

And take me as I am.

3 I bow before Thy mercy seat,
Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
And take me as I am.

4 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work, both in, and by me too,
And take me as I am.

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won;
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
O take me as I am.

369

ONCE more we come, God's word to
hear

The word so pure and holy;
Now grant us, Lord, a list'ning ear,
A spirit meek and lowly:

For if we hear, and heed it not,
We hear for condemnation;
For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

2 The life of God is in the word;
And whosoe'er believeth
The record there, of Christ the Lord,
Eternal life receiveth;

But if we hear, believing not,
We hear for condemnation;
For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

3 The word of God, by faith received,
Imparts regeneration;
And he who hath in Christ believed
Lives out a new creation;
But if we hear, and do it not,
We hear for condemnation;
For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

4 So, when the word of God we hear,
Let us be humbly pleading
The Holy Ghost to give us light,
As we the word are heeding;
But if we hear, and feel it not,
We hear for condemnation;
For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

370

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds
of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy
eve;

Waiting for the Harvest, and the time
of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

*Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.*

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's
chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor
ended,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for
the Master,
Tho' the loss sustain'd our spirit of-
ten grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid
us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

371

SOON shall we see the glorious morning,

Saints arise! saints arise!
Sinners, attend the notes of warning,
Saints arise! saints arise!
The resurrection day draws near,
The King of Saints shall soon appear,
And high His royal standard rear,
Saints arise! saints arise!

2 Hear ye the trump of God resounding,
Saints arise! saints arise!
Through all the vault of death rebounding,

Saints arise! saints arise!
To meet the Bridegroom, haste, prepare,
Put on your bridal garments fair,
And hail your Saviour in the air,
Saints arise! saints arise!

3 The saints who sleep, with joy awaken,
All arise! all arise!

Their beds of death are quick forsaken,
All arise! all arise!
Not one of all the faithful few
Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
But starts with bliss his Lord to view,
All arise! all arise!

4 Fast by the throne of God behold them
Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!

See in His arms the Saviour fold them,
Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!

With wreaths of glory round their head,
No tears of sorrow now are shed,
To joy's full fountain all are led,

Crowned at last! crowned at last!

372

WE praise Thee and bless Thee,
Our Father in heaven,
For the joy of salvation
Thy gospel hath given.

Hallelujah! we praise Thee

Thro' Jesus our Lord;

Hallelujah! we bless Thee
For the gift of Thy word!

2 We praise Thee and bless Thee
Once sinful and sad,

By the word Thou hast given,
To Christ we were led.

3 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
The Spirit hath come
To dwell with, and teach us,
And guide us safe home.

4 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
For food by the way;
The manna from heaven
Provided each day.

5 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
Thy word hath gone forth,
That Christ shall be King and
Reign over the earth,

6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
And wait His return
To fulfill ev'ry promise
He made to His own.

7 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
We'll reign with Him then,
To praise Thee and bless Thee
Forever. Amen.

373

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough
way,

O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done"

||: "Thy will be done!" :||

O teach me from my heart to say
"Thy will be done!"

2 What tho' in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,

"Thy will be done!"

||: "Thy will be done!" :||

Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

3 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,
"Thy will be done?"

||: "Thy will be done!" :||

My God to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"

4 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

||: "*Thy will be done!*" :||
All now that makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

- 5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "*Thy will be done!*"

||: "*Thy will be done!*" :||
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

374

- I**N Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,
 Hide Thou me;
 When the fitful tempest rages,
 Hide Thou me;
 Where no mortal arm can sever,
 From my heart Thy love for ever,
 Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
 Safe in Thee.
- 2 From the snare of sinful pleasure,
 Hide Thou me;
 Thou my soul's eternal treasure,
 Hide Thou me;
 When the world its power is wielding,
 And my heart is almost yielding,
 Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
 Safe in Thee.
- 3 In the lonely night of sorrow,
 Hide Thou me;
 Till in glory dawns the morrow,
 Hide Thou me;
 In the sight of Jordan's billow,
 Let Thy bosom be my pillow,
 Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
 Safe in Thee.

375

- I** AM waiting for the morning
 Of the blessed day to dawn,
 When the sorrow and the sadness,
 Of this changeful life are gone.
- I am waiting, only waiting,
 Till this weary life is o'er;
 Only waiting for my welcome,
 From my Saviour on the other shore.*
- 2 I am waiting; worn and weary
 With the battle and the strife,
 Hoping when the warfare's over
 To receive a crown of life.

- 3 Waiting, hoping, trusting ever,
 For a home of boundless love;
 Like a pilgrim looking forward
 To the land of bliss above.
- 4 Hoping soon to meet the loved ones
 Where the "many mansions" be;
 Listening for the happy welcome
 Of my Saviour calling me.

376

- H**EAVENLY Father, we Thy children,
 Gathered round our risen Lord,
 Lift our hearts in earnest pleading:
 O revive us by Thy word!
*Send refreshing, send refreshing
 From Thy presence, gracious Lord!
 Send refreshing, send refreshing,
 And revive us by Thy word!*
- 2 Gracious gales of heavenly blessing
 In Thy love to us afford;
 Let us feel Thy Spirit's presence.
 O revive us by Thy word!
- 3 Weak and weary in the conflict,
 "Wrestling not with flesh and blood,"
 Help us Lord, as faint we falter;
 O revive us by Thy word!
- 4 With Thy strength, O Master gird us;
 Be our Guide and be our Guard:
 Fill us with Thy holy Spirit,
 O revive us by Thy word!

377

- W**HEN the King in His beauty shall
 come to His throne,
 And around Him are gathered His
 loved ones, His own;
 There be some who will knock at His
 fair palace door,
 To be answered within "*There is mercy
 no more.*"
- ||: "*I have never known you,*" :||
*"I have never, I have never,
 I have never known you."*
- 2 They had known whence He came,
 and the grace which He brought;
 In their presence He healed, in their
 streets He had taught;
 They had mentioned His name and their
 friendship professed;
 But they never believed, for of them
 He confessed;

3 Now the righteous are reigning with
Abraham there; [despair,
But for these is appointed an endless
It is vain that they call: He once
knock'd at their gate,
But they welcomed Him not; so now
this is their fate:

4 O sinner, give heed to this story of
gloom, [your doom;
For the hour is fast nearing that fixes
Will you still reject mercy? still harden
your heart?
O then, what will you do as the King
cries—"Depart!"

378

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

Love, rest and home!

Sweet, sweet home!

Lord, tarry not, but come,

Lord tarry not.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

379

JESUS is coming! sing the glad word!
Coming for those He redeemed by
His blood

Coming to reign as the glorified Lord,
Jesus is coming again!

Jesus is coming, is coming again!

Jesus is coming again! [plain!

Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and
Jesus is coming again!

2 Jesus is coming! the dead shall arise,
Loved ones shall meet in a joyful sur-
prise,
Caught up together to Him in the skies,
Jesus is coming again!

3 Jesus is coming! His saints to release;
Coming to give to the warring earth
peace; [cease,
Sinning and sighing, and sorrow, shall
Jesus is coming again!

4 Jesus is coming! the promise is true,
Who are the chosen, the faithful, the
few, [view?
Waiting and watching, prepared for re-
Jesus is coming again!

380

WE are children of a King.
Heavenly King, heavenly King,
We are children of a King.
Singing as we journey;
Jesus Christ our Guard and Guide,
Bids us, nothing terrified,
Follow closely at His side,
Singing as we journey.

2 We are traveling to our home,
Blessed home, blessed home!
We are traveling to our home,
Singing as we journey;
Toward a city out of sight
Where will fall no shade of night,
For our Saviour is its light,
Singing as we journey.

3 Full of joy we onward go,
Heavenward go, homeward go,
Full of joy we onward go,
Singing as we journey;
Singing all the journey through—
Singing hearts are brave and true—
Singing till our homes we view,
Singing as we journey.

381

WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?

*Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side:
Saviour, we are Thine.*

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem;
With Thy blessing, filling
All who come to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow;
Round His standard ranging,
Vict'ry is secure,
For His truth unchanging,
Makes the triumph sure.

382

TRAVELING to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father, let me grasp Thy hand;
Lead me on!

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter waters sweet;
Lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm groves near,
And her wells as crystal clear;
Lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher;
Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on!

383

LOOK unto me and be ye saved,
I heard the just One say;
And as by faith on Him I gazed,
My burden rolled away,
*I've passed the cross at Calvary,
I'm on the Heaven side;
The world is crucified to me,
Since Christ my ransom died;
The world is crucified to me,
Since Christ my ransom died.*

2 By His atonement reconciled,
My Father's face I see;
The empty tomb now intervenes
Between the world and me.

3 O glorious height of vantage ground!
O blest, victorious hour!
In Him to trust and fully know
His resurrection power.

384

NO works of law have we to boast,
By nature ruined, guilty, lost;
Condemned already, but Thy hand
Provided what Thou didst demand.

*We take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim;
We take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.*

2 No faith we bring, 'tis Christ alone,
'Tis what He is—what He has done;
He is for us as given by God,
It was for us He shed His blood.

3 We do not feel our sins are gone,
We know it by Thy word alone;
We know that there our sins didst lay
On Him who has put sin away.

4 Because we know our sins forgiven,
We happy feel—our home is heaven;
O help us now as sons of God,
To tread the path that Jesus trod.

385

THERE is love, true love, and the
heart grows warm,
When the Lord to Bethany comes;
And the word of life has a wondrous
charm,
When the Lord to Bethany comes;
There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is
spread,
When the Lord to Bethany comes;
For His heavenly voice brings to life
the dead,
When the Lord to Bethany comes.

*'Twas a happy, happy day, in the olden
time,*

*When the Lord to Bethany came;
Open wide the door, let Him enter now!
For His love is ever the same!
||: His love is ever the same! :||
Open wide the door, let Him enter now!
For His love is ever the same.*

2 There is peace, sweet peace, and the
life grows calm
When the Lord to Bethany comes;
And the trusting soul sings a sweet
soft psalm,
When the Lord to Bethany comes;
There is faith, strong faith, and our
home seems near,
When the Lord to Bethany comes;
And the crown more bright, and the
cross more dear,
When the Lord to Bethany comes.

386

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day.
Heav'n bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow

Help from on high;
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

387

LORD, my trust I repose in Thee,
O how great is Thy love to me!
Thou the strength of my life shalt be;
This I know, this I know.
*Thine, Thine, and only Thine,
Now and ever Thine;
Thou dost love me, Saviour mine;
This I know, this I know.*

2 Thou dost lead with a sweet command,
Thou dost lead with a gentle hand;
On the rock of Thy truth I stand;
This I know, this I know.

3 I shall rise to a world of light,
I shall rest in a mansion bright;
Then my faith shall be lost in sight;
This I know, this I know.

388

NOT what these hands have done,
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne,
Can make my spirit whole.
*Thy work alone, my Saviour,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.*

2 Not what I feel or do,
Can give me peace with God:
Not all my prayers, or sighs, or tears,
Can ease my awful load.

3 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

4 No other work save Thine,
No meaner blood will do;
No strength, save that which is divine,
Can bear me safely through.

5 I praise the God of grace,
I trust His love and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine;
My God, my joy, my light!

389

MY life flows on in endless song;
 Above earth's lamentation,
 I hear the sweet though far-off hymn
 That hails a new creation;
 Through all the tumult and the strife
 I hear the music ringing;
 It finds an echo in my soul—
 How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comforts die!
 The Lord my Saviour liveth;
 What tho' the darkness gather round?
 Songs in the night He giveth
 No storm can shake my inmost calm
 While to that refuge clinging;
 Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
 How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the clouds grow thin;
 I see the blue above it;
 And day by day this pathway smooths,
 Since first I learned to love it;
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
 A fountain ever springing;
 All things are mine since I am His—
 How can I keep from singing?

390

ONCE again the Gospel message
 From the Saviour you have heard;
 Will you heed the invitation?
 Will you turn and seek the Lord?
*||: Come believing! come believing!
 Come to Jesus! look and live! ||*

2 Many summers you have wasted,
 Ripened harvests you have seen;
 Winter snows by Spring have melted,
 Yet you linger in your sin.

3 Jesus for your choice is waiting;
 Tarry not: at once decide!
 While the spirit now is striving,
 Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.

4 Cease of fitness to be thinking;
 Do not longer try to feel;
 It is *trusting* and not *feeling*,
 That will give the Spirit's seal.

5 Let your will to God be given,
 Trust in Christ's atoning blood;
 Look to Jesus now in heaven,
 Rest on His unchanging word.

391

SOUND the alarm! Let the watch-
 man cry!
 "Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh;
 Who will escape from the wrath to
 come?
 Who have a place in the soul's bright
 home?"

*Sound the alarm watchman! Sound the
 alarm!
 For the Lord will come with a conquer-
 ing arm; [vance,
 And the hosts of sin, as their ranks ad-
 Shall wither and fall at His glance.*

2 Sound the alarm! Let the cry go forth,
 Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of
 earth;
 "Flee to the Rock where the soul may
 hide!
 Flee to the Rock! in its cleft abide!"

2 Sound the alarm on the mountain's
 brow!
 Plead with the lost by the wayside
 now;
 Warn them to come and the truth em-
 brace;
 Urge them to come and be saved by
 grace.

4 Sound the alarm in the youthful ear,
 Sound it aloud that the old may hear;
 Blow ye the trump while the day-beams
 last!
 Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

392

BEAUTIFUL morning? Day of hope.
 Dawn of a better life;
 Now in the peaceful hours we rest,
 Far from earth's noise and strife.

*Morning of resurrection joy,
 Day when the Saviour rose,
 Singing shall greet thy opening hours,
 Singing shall mark thy close.*

2 Beautiful morning! All the week
 Waiteth thy welcome light,
 Since thy first dawning, calm and clear,
 Out of the darkest night.

3 Beautiful morning! Grief and pain,
 Weeping before the tomb,

Fly at thy dawning, Jesus rose,
Jesus dispelled the gloom.

393

'TWILL not be long our journey here,
Each broken sigh and falling tear,
Will soon be gone, and all will be
A cloudless sky, a waveless sea.

*Roll on, dark stream,
We dread not thy foam;
The Pilgrim is longing
For home, sweet home.*

2 'TWill not be long the yearning heart
May feel its every hope depart,
And grief be mingled with its song;
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

3 Though sad we mark the closing eye,
Of those we loved in days gone by,
Yet sweet in death their latest song—
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

4 These checkered wilds, with thorns
o'erspread,
Through which our way so oft is led—
This march of time, with truth so strong,
Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

394

'TIS known on earth, in heaven too,
'Tis sweet to me because 'tis true;
The "old, old story" is ever new;
Tell me more about Jesus.

||: *"Tell me more about Jesus!"*:||
Him would I know who loved me so;
"Tell me more about Jesus!"

2 Earth's fairest flowers will droop and
die,
Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky;
Life's dearest joys flit fleetest by;
Tell me more about Jesus.

3 When overwhelmed with unbelief,
When burdened with a blinding grief,
Come kindly then to my relief;
Tell me more about Jesus.

4 And when the Glory-land I see,
And take the "place prepared" for me,
Through endless years my song shall
be—
Tell me more about Jesus.

395

THE word of God is given
To all who serve Him here,
That when the Lord from heaven
In glory shall appear,
We then shall be delivered
From sorrow, sin and pain;
And if for Christ we suffer,
With Him we then shall reign.

*We are going home to Jesus!
Going home to Jesus!
Going to the mansions
He's preparing there on high!
We are going home to Jesus!
Going home to Jesus!
And we'll gather there in glory!
By and by!*

2 Once in our sin we wandered
Far, far away from God,
And precious hours we squandered
Upon the downward road;
But God in grace hath called us,
And given us to share
The purchase of our Saviour,
A mansion bright and fair.

3 Now with this hope to cheer us,
And with the Spirit's seal,
That all our sins were pardoned,
Through Him whose stripes did heal;
As "strangers" and as "pilgrims,"
No place on earth we own,
But work and watch as "servants,"
Until the Lord shall come.

396

TO Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him for all His dying pain,
*Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah to His name.*

2 To Him, the Lamb, our sacrifice,
Who gave His life the ransomed price,
3 To Him who died that we might die,
To sin, and live with Him on high.
4 To Him who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
5 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
6 To Him who doth prepare on high,
Our home in immortality.

7 To Him be glory evermore!
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore!

397

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide,
Now, like a weary traveler
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

3 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now these all lie behind me—
O for a well tuned harp!
O to join the hallelujah
With yon triumphant band!
Who sing where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land,

398

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives!
What comfort this sweet message
gives!

He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, all glorious in the sky,
He lives, exalted there on high,
My everlasting Head.

||: *He lives! He lives!*
I know that my Redeemer lives:||

2 He lives, to bless me with His love;
He lives, to plead for me above,
My hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to grant me rich supply,
He lives, to guide me with His eye;
To help in time of need.

3 He lives, triumphant from the grave;
He lives, eternally to save;
And while He lives I'll sing:
He lives, my ever faithful Friend:
He lives, and loves me to the end;
My Prophet, Priest and King!

4 He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there;
My Jesus still the same:
What joy this blest assurance gives!—
"I know that my Redeemer lives:"
All glory to His name!

399

"**A** LITTLE while!" and He shall
come;

The hour draws on apace,
The blessed hour, the glorious morn,
When we shall see His face:
How light our trials then will seem!
How short our pilgrim way!
Our life on earth a fitful dream,
Dispelled by dawning day!

*Then come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
In glory and in light!
Come take Thy longing children home,
And end earth's weary night!*

2 "A little while!" with patience, Lord,
I fain would ask "How long?"
For how can I with such a hope
Of glory and of home,
With such a joy awaiting me,
Not wish the hour were come?
How can I keep the longing back,
And how suppress the groan!

3 Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my
tongue!

Be calm, my troubled breast!
Each passing hour is hast'ning on
The everlasting rest:
Thou knowest well—the time thy God
Appoints for thee is best;
The morning star will soon arise;
The glow is in the East.

400

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory
died,

My richest gain I count but loss.
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me
most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

Wonderful words of Life.

Words of life and beauty,

Teach me faith and duty ;

||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life. :||

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all,
Wonderful words of Life ;

Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life.

AM so freely given,
Wooing us to Heaven.

||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life. :||

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of Life.

Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of Life.

Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever.

||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life. :||

283

WE speak of the land of the blest,
A country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be to be there.

To be there, to be there,

O what must it be to be there ;

To be there, to be there,

O what must it be to be there.

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there.

3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above,
But what must it be to be there.

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there.

5 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

284

HAVE you any room for Jesus,
He who bore your load of sin ;

As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in ?

*Room for Jesus, King of glory,
Hasten now, His word obey,
Swing the heart's door widely open,
Bid him enter while you may.*

2 Room for pleasure, room for business,
But for Christ, the Crucified,
Not a place that He can enter ;
In the heart for which He died,

3 Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again ?

O to-day is time accepted,
To-morrow you may call in vain.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus,
Soon will pass God's day of grace ;
Soon thy heart left cold and silent,
And thy Saviour's pleadings cease.

285

OUR Master has taken His journey
To a country that's far away,
And has left us the care of the vineyard,
To work for Him day by day.

*There's a work for me and a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do,
Yes, a work for me and a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do.*

2 In this "little while," doth it matter,
As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
If we're filling the place He assigns us,
Be its service small or great.

3 There's only one thing should concern
us,
To find just the task that is ours ;
And then, having found it, to do it
With all our God-given pow'rs.

4 Our Master is coming most surely,
To reckon with every one ;
Shall we then count our toil or our sorrow,
If His sentence be, "Well done."

286

BE our joyful song to-day,
O Jesus, only Jesus,
He who took our sins away,
Jesus, only Jesus.
Name with every blessing rife,
Be our joy and hope thro' life,

- Be our strength in every strife,
Jesus, only Jesus.
- 2 Once we wander'd far from God,
Knowing not of Jesus,
Treading still the downward road,
Leading far from Jesus,
Till the spirit taught us how
'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
And we fain would follow now,
Jesus, only Jesus.
- 3 Be our trust thro' years to come,
Jesus, only Jesus,
Pass-word to the heavenly home,
Jesus, only Jesus.
When from sin and sorrow free,
On thro' all eternity,
This our theme and song shall be,
Jesus, only Jesus.
- 287**
HOW sweet the word of Christ the
Lord,
While on the cross He dies,
A word to all who on Him call,
For life in paradise.
*From the cross the Saviour cries,
Come with me to paradise;
Look to me, believe and live,
Accept the life I freely give.*
- 2 The dying thief, in full belief,
On Jesus fixed his eyes;
His only plea, "Remember me,
O Lord, in paradise."
- 3 By man condemn'd, without a friend,
Will Jesus heed his cries?
O blessed Lord, how quick Thy word,
"To-day in Paradise."
- 4 Tho' vile as he, O sinner, flee,
While Jesus calls, be wise;
His word believe, and now receive
A life in Paradise.

288

- R**EJOICE with me, for now I'm free.
I joy in a new pleasure;
From God above the gift of love
Is mine in fullest measure.
*Rejoice, rejoice, Christ is my choice,
His cross alone my glory;
While life shall last, when death is past,
I'll sing the joyful story.*

- 2 Once vile with sin, Christ makes me
Gone is all condemnation; [clean,
For I believe and now receive
A full and free salvation.
- 3 In Christ I live, and He doth give
Great joy where once was sadness;
And in this way, from day to day,
My life is filled with gladness.
- 4 To all proclaim His wondrous name,
Repeat the old, old story;
Till work is done and heaven won,
Then praise Him more in glory.

289

THE prize is set before us,
To win, His words implore us,
The eye of God is o'er us
From on high, from on high;
His loving tones are calling
While sin is dark, appalling,
'Tis Jesus gently calling,
He is nigh, He is nigh.

||: *By and by we shall meet Him,
By and by we shall greet Him,
And with Jesus reign in glory,
By and by.* :||

- 2 We'll follow where He leadeth,
We'll pasture where He feedeth,
We'll yield to Him who pleadeth
From on high, from on high;
Then naught from Him shall sever,
Our hope shall brighten ever,
And faith shall fail us never,
He is nigh, He is nigh.
- 3 Our home is bright above us,
No trials dark to move us,
But Jesus dear to love us
There on high, there on high;
We'll give Him best endeavor,
And praise His name forever
His precious words can never,
Never die, never die.
- 290**
I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.
- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;

For Thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead;
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for pow'r;
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give
me,
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee forever,
And for all!

291

GOOD news from heav'n, good news
for thee,

There flows a pardon full and free,
To guilty sinners through the blood
Of the Incarnate Son of God;
He paid the debt that thou didst owe,
He suffered death for thee below,
He bore the wrath divine for thee,
He groaned and bled on Calvary.

Good news from heav'n, good news for thee,

*There flows a pardon full and free,
To guilty sinners through the blood
Of the Incarnate Son of God.*

2 Good news from heav'n, good news
for thee,

The Saviour cries, "Come unto me,
All ye who toil, with fears oppress;
Come, weary one, O come and rest;"
He loves thee with o'erflowing love,
He hears thy pray'r in heav'n above;
He all thy pasture shall prepare.
And lead thee with a shepherd's care.

3 Good news from heav'n, good news
for thee,

Has echoed from eternity;
And loud shall our hosannas ring.
When with the ransomed throng we
sing,

"Worthy the Lamb," whose precious
blood

Has made us kings and priests to God;
Our harps we'll tune to noblest strains,
And glory give to Him who reigns.

292

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening bless-
ing,

Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly;
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Tho' the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee:
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'er-
take us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

293

SOUND the high praises of Jesus our
King,

He came and He conquer'd, His victory
sing;

Sing, for the pow'r of the tyrant is
broken,

The triumph's complete over death
and the grave;

Vain is their boasting, Jehovah hath
spoken,

And Jesus proclaimed Himself might-
ty to save.

*Sound the high praises of Jesus our King,
He came and He conquer'd, His victory
sing.*

2 Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to
the Lord,

The enemy quail'd at the might of, His
word;

In heav'n He ascends and unfolds
the glad story,

The hosts of the blessed exult in His
fame;

In love He looks down from the throne
of His glory,
And rescues the ruin'd who trust in
His name.

294

THIS is the day of toil,
Beneath earth's sultry noon,
This is the day of service true,
But resting cometh soon.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

There remains a rest for us.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

There remains a rest for us.

2 Spend and be spent would we,
While lasteth time's brief day;
No turning back in coward fear,
No lingering by the way.

3 Onward we press in haste,
Upward our journey still;
Ours is the path the Master trod
Through good report and ill.

4 The way may rougher grow,
The weariness increase,
We gird our loins and hasten on,
The end, the end is peace.

295

THERE is joy among the angels,
Singing round the throne above,
When repentant tears are flowing,
While the risen Lord is showing
All the riches of His love,
All the riches of His love,
All the riches of His love.

There is joy, O there is joy,

Joy that never can be told,

When a soul that long has wander'd,

Comes within the Saviour's fold.

2 There is joy among the angels;
When a sinner heeds the call;
When He turns to Christ believing,
And from Him is love receiving,
||: Grace that saves us one and all, ||
Grace that saves us one and all.

3 There is joy among the angels,
When His cause is speeding on,
When the notes of praise are ringing
That the gospel work is bringing,
||: Precious sheaves for harvest morn., ||
Precious sheaves for harvest morn.

296

OVER the ocean wave, far, far away,
There the poor heathen live, wait-
ing for day;
Groping in ignorance, dark as the night,
No blessed Bible to give them the light.
Pity them, pity them, Christians at home,
Haste with the bread of life, hasten and
come.

2 Here in this happy land we have the
light
Shining from God's own word, free,
pure, and bright;
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that
they need?

3 Then, while the mission ships glad
tidings bring,
List! as the heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, O see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us
home."

297

WHEN we reach our Father's dwell-
ing

On the Strong eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling
Who the vast creation fills,
Shall we then recall the sadness,
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts were turned from
hardness,

And our feet from paths of sin?
Yes, we surely shall remember,
And His grace we'll freely own;
For the love so strong and tender,
That redeemed and brought us home.

2 When the paths of prayer and duty,
And affliction all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God,
Shall we then recall the story
Of our mortal griefs and tears,
When on earth we sought the glory,
Wrestling oft with doubts and fears.

3 All the way by which He brought us,
All the grievings that He bore,

All the patient love that taught us,
We'll remember evermore.
And His rest will be the dearer,
As we think of weary ways,
And His light will be the clearer,
As we muse on cloudy days.

298

"**M**UST I go and empty handed,"
Thus my dear Redeemer meet?
Nor one day of service give Him,
Lay no trophy at His feet.
*"Must I go and empty handed,"
Must I meet my Saviour so?
Not one soul with which to greet Him,
Must I empty handed go?"*

2 Not at death I shrink nor falter,
For my Saviour saves me now;
But to meet Him empty handed,
Thought of that now clouds my brow.
3 Oh, the years of sinning wasted,
Could I but recall them now,
I would give them to my Saviour,
To His will I'd gladly bow.
4 Oh, ye saints, arouse, be earnest,
Up and work while yet 'tis day,
Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee,
Strive for souls while still you may.

299

MY sin is great, my strength is weak,
My path beset with snares;
But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me,
And Thou wilt hear my prayers.
*To Thee, to Thee, the Crucified,
The sinner's only plea,
Relying on Thy promised grace,
My faith still clings to Thee.*

2 The world is dark without Thee, Lord,
I turn me from its strife
To find Thy love a sweet relief;
Thou art the light of life.
3 Temptations lure and fears assail
My frail inconstant heart;
But precious are Thy promises,
And they new strength impart,
4 Unfold Thy precepts to my mind,
And cleanse my blinded eyes;
Grant me to work for Thee on earth,
Then praise Thee in the skies.

300

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.

*I've found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.*

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and
King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.
3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.
4 Christ is my peace: He died for me,
For me He shed His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.
5 Christ Jesus is my all in all,
My comfort and my love;
My life below, and He shall be
My joy and crown above.

301

"**F**AIN'T, yet pursuing," we press
our way

Up to the glorious gates of day,
Following Him who has gone before,
Over the path to the brighter shore.

*"Faint, yet pursuing," from day to-day,
Over the sure and the blood-marked way;
Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour,
Friend.*

Ever pursuing unto life's end.

2 "Faint, yet pursuing," whate'er befall,
He who has died for us, died for all;
So should they come, as a mighty
throng,
Bearing His banner aloft with song.

3 "Faint, yet pursuing," till even-tide,
Under the cross of the Crucified;
Knowing, when darkly are skies o'er-
cast,
Sorrow and sighing will end at last.

4 "Faint, yet pursuing," the eye afar
Sees thro' the darkness the Morning Star,
Shedding its ray for the weary feet,
Keeping the way to the golden street.

302

BESIDE the well at noon-time,
I hear a sad one say,
"I want that living water,
Give me to drink I pray;
The well is deep, O pilgrim,
But deeper is my need;
I thirst for life eternal.
The 'Gift of God' indeed."

*Ho, every one that thirsteth,
The living water buy!*

*Ye blessed ones that hunger,
Take, eat and never die,*

2 Beside the pool Bethesda,
I hear a mournful cry;
"No help, no hope is offered
To one so weak as I;"
O cease thy sad complaining,
The gospel gives thee cheer;
Come to the house of mercy,
For Christ the Pool is here.

*Tis He, the great Physician,
Can cure the sin-sick soul;
"Rise up and walk." He bids thee,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."*

3 While seated on the hill-side,
The hungry ones were fed
By Him who said most truly,
"I am the living bread;
'Tis He, the heavenly manna,
Who doth our souls restore;
By faith of Him partaking
We live forever more.

303

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

*We will rest in the fair and happy land,
Just across on the evergreen shore,
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by
and by,
And dwell with Jesus evermore.*

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;

There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul,
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

304

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home!

*We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home.*

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succour on His breast,
Till He conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide
And reach my heavenly home.

305

I'VE reach'd the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

*O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home for evermore.*

2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we:
He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is heaven's border land,

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees,

And flow'rs that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

306

I'M a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where streamlets are ever flowing:

*I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.*

2 Of that city, to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying:

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
O my longing heart, my longing heart
is there;

Herein this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wander'd, forlorn and weary:

307

I KNOW not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy He sends me, comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

*Where He may lead, I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose;
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, He knows, He knows,
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, He knows, He knows.*

2 One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heav'n more brightly shines,
When earth's illusions flee:
And sweetly through the silence, came
His loving "Follow me."

3 O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go, not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

He knows, He knows, He knows.

308

WHEN we get home from our sorrow
and care,
And we stand with the angels of
light,

O what a meeting in heaven there'll be,
In that land without shadow or night;
Sorrow and care, tribulation and pain,
We'll leave, when we pass through
the tomb:

Clouds of despair, storms of trial and
care,
We shall leave for that beautiful
home.

*When we get home, O when we get home,
Get home to glory land,
Praises we'll sing to Jesus, our King,
A ransomed, a glorified band.*

2 When we get home to the mansions
above,
With the loved ones gone over before,
O who can tell what a joy that will be
There to live and rejoice evermore;
Angels will praise, the Redeemer will
smile,

And loved ones we'll clasp by the hand;
Free from all pain, far beyond earthly
stain.

We shall dwell in that beautiful land.

3 When we get home, when the morn-
ing is come,
And forth from the city of gold,
Angels of God, coming down, shall call
home

All of those who belong to His fold;
Will you be there, brother, loved ones
to greet.

Or will you forever be lost?
What is thy choice, fleeting pleasures
of earth,
Or a home when death's river is
crossed?

309

O WORD of words, the sweetest,
 O word, in which there lie
 All promise, all fulfillment,
 And end of mystery:
 Lamenting, or rejoicing,
 With doubt or terror nigh,
 I hear the "Come" of Jesus,
 And to His cross I fly.

*||: Come, O come to me,
 Come, O come to me,
 Weary, heavy laden,
 Come, O come to me.:||*

2 O soul! why shouldst thou wander
 From such a loving Friend?
 Cling closer, closer to Him,
 Stay with Him to the end,
 Alas! I am so helpless—
 So very full of sin,
 For I am ever wand'ring,
 And coming back again.

3 O each time draw me nearer,
 That soon the "Come" may be
 Naught but a gentle whisper,
 To one close, close to Thee;
 Then, over sea and mountain,
 Far from, or near my home,
 I'll take Thy hand and follow,
 At that sweet whisper, "Come!"

310

I HAVE read of a beautiful city,
 Far away in the kingdom of God;
 I have read how its walls are of jasper,
 How its streets are all golden and broad.

In the midst of the street is life's river,
 Clear as crystal and pure to behold;
 But not half of that city's bright glory
 To mortals has ever been told.

*||: Not half has ever been told.:||
 Not half of that city's bright glory
 To mortals has ever been told.*

2 I have read of bright mansions in
 Heaven,
 Which the Saviour has gone to pre-
 pare;
 And the saints who on earth have been
 faithful,
 Rest forever with Christ over there;

There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow;
 The inhabitants never grow old;
 But not half of the joys that await them
 To mortals has ever been told.

3 I have read of white robes for the
 righteous,
 Of bright crowns which the glorified
 wear,
 When our Father shall bid them "Come,
 enter,
 And my glory eternally share;"
 How the righteous are evermore blessed
 As they walk thro' the streets of pure
 gold;
 But not half of the wonderful story
 To mortals has ever been told.

4 I have read of a Christ, so forgiving,
 That vile sinners may ask and receive
 Peace and pardon from every trans-
 gression,
 If when asking they only believe.
 I have read how He'll guide and pro-
 tect us,
 If for safety we enter His fold;
 But not half of His goodness and mercy
 To mortals has ever been told.

311

ARE you coming Home, ye wand'ers,
 Whom Jesus died to win,
 All footsore, lame and weary,
 Your garments stained with sin;
 Will you seek the blood of Jesus
 To wash your garments white;
 Will you trust His precious promise,
 Are you coming home to-night?

*||: Are you coming Home to-night.:||
 Are you coming Home to Jesus,
 Out of darkness into light?*

*||: Are you coming Home to-night.:||
 To your loving, heavenly Father,
 Are you coming Home to-night?*

2 Are you coming Home, ye lost ones?
 Behold your Lord doth wait;
 Come, then, no longer linger,
 Come, ere it be too late;
 Will you come and let Him save you,
 O trust His love and might:
 Will you come while He is calling,
 Are you coming Home to-night?

3 Are you coming Home, ye guilty,
Who bear the load of sin;
Outside you've long been standing,
Come now and venture in;
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,
And dare to trust Him quite;
"Come unto me," saith Jesus,
Are you coming Home to-night?

312

SAY, where is thy refuge, poor sinner,
And what is thy prospect to-day?
Why toil for the wealth that will perish,
The treasures that rust and decay?
O think of thy soul, that forever
Must live on eternity's shore.
When thou in the dust art forgotten,
When pleasure can charm thee no
more.

*'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the
cost.*

||: *To gain the whole world, if thy soul
should be lost.* :||

2 The Master is calling thee, sinner,
In tones of compassion and love,
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,
And lay up thy treasure above;
O kneel at the cross where He suffered,
To ransom thy soul from the grave:
The arm of His mercy will hold thee,
The Arm that is mighty to save.

3 As summer is waning, poor sinner,
Repent, ere the season is past;
God's goodness to thee is extended,
As long as the day-beam shall last:
Then slight not the warning repeated
With all the bright moments that roll,
Nor say, when the harvest is ended,
That no one hath cared for thy soul.

313

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'ers onward,
To their home on high;
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heav'nward way.

*Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'ers onward,
To their home on high.*

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

3 All our days direct us,
In the way we go.
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering endless praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,—
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.

314

MY Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou
art mine,
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art
Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
now.

2 I love Thee because Thou hast first
loved me.
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's
tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on
Thy brow.

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
3 I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee
in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend-
est me breath:
And say when the death-dew lies cold
on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless de-
light,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on
my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

315

HEAR ye the glad good news from
Heaven?
Life to a death-doomed race is given!
Christ on the cross for you and me
Purchased a pardon full and free.

*||: He that believeth, he that believeth,
He that believeth hath everlasting life.:||*

2 When we were lost, the Son of God
Made an atonement by His blood:
When we the glad Good News believe,
Then the atonement we receive.

3 Why not believe the glad Good News?
Why still the voice of God refuse?
Why not believe, when God hath said,
All, *all* our guilt "on Him" was laid?

316

THE way is dark, my Father! || Cloud
upon cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and
loud
The thunders | roar a- bove me, || Yet
see, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, | take my
hand,
And through the gloom lead safely
home,
Safely home, safely home,
Lead safely home Thy child!

2 The day declines, my Father! || and
the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless
sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. || Fears like a
spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my |
hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child!

3 The way is long, my Father! || and
my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the |
goal; ||
While yet I journey through this weary
land.
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take
my | hand
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child!

4 The path is rough, my Father! || Ma-
ny a thorn
Has pierced me; and my feet all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. || Yet
Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take
my | hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child!

5 The throng is great, my Father! || Ma-
ny a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about;
And foes op- | press me | sore. || I can-
not stand
Or go alone. O Father, | take my |
hand;
And through the throng, lead safe a-
long.
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along Thy child!

6 The cross is heavy, Father! || I have
borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. || Let my
worn
And fainting spirit, rise to that bright
land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take
my | hand;
And reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown,
Lead to the crown Thy child!

317

HEAV'NLY Father, we beseech Thee;
Grant Thy blessing ere we part:
Take us in Thy care and keeping.
Guard from evil every heart.

*Bless the words we here have spoken,
Offered prayer and cheerful strain;
If thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee,
Grant we all may meet again.*

2 Loving Saviour, go Thou with us,
Be our comfort and our stay;
Grateful praise to Thee we render,
For the joy we feel to-day.

3 Holy Spirit, dwell within us,
May our souls Thy temple be,
May we tread the path to glory,
Led and guided still by Thee.

4 Heavenly Father, Loving Saviour,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As among Thy saints and angels,
So on earth, Thy will be done.

318

BY faith I view my Saviour dying,
On the tree, on the tree;
To every nation He is crying,
Look to me, look to me;
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear:
Hark, hark, what precious words I hear,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did He snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, can it be?

O yes! He did salvation bring:
He is my Prophet, Priest and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;
Mercy's free, mercy's free,
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

319

MEAR. C. M.

SPIRIT of truth, O let me know,
The love of Christ to me;
Its conquering, quick'ning power bestow
To set me wholly free.

2 I long to know its depth and height,
To scan its breadth and length;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.

3 It is Thine office to reveal
My Saviour's wond'rous love!
O deepen on my heart Thy seal,
And bless me from above.

4 Thy quickening power to me impart,
And be my constant Guide:
With richer gladness fill my heart;
Be Jesus glorified.

320

AWAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

321

DUKE ST. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Thro' every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word; [shore
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

322

WARD. L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame.
That I no more revere His Name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain;
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

323 WINDHAM. L. M.

- STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away.
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness
grieved.
- 3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.
- 4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

324 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

- O HOLY Spirit come,
And Jesus' love declare;
O tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.
- 2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
O work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.
- 3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

325

LENOX.

- COME every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert,
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him we owe.
- 2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode
And reigns on high the Saviour God.
- 4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

326 "LOOKING HOME." Key G. Bradbury Trio, page 160.

- AH, this earth is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For my Father's mansion, still
Earnestly I'm longing,
*Looking home, looking home,
T'wards the heavenly mansion:
Jesus hath prepared for me,
In His Father's kingdom.*
- 2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.
- 3 O to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing;
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.
- 4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
There no more to sever;
Soon we'll meet around the throne
Praising God forever.

327

THE gospel of Thy grace
 My stubborn heart has won,
 For "God so loved the world,
 He gave His only Son,
*"That whosoever will believe,
 ||: Shall everlasting life receive!" :||*

2 The serpent, "lifted up,"
 Could life and healing give,
 So Jesus on the Cross
 Bids me to look and live; *For, etc.*

3 "The soul that sinneth dies;"
 My awful doom I heard;
 I was forever lost,
 But for Thy gracious word; *That, etc.*

4 "Not to condemn the world"
 The "Man of sorrows" came;
 But that the world might have
 Salvation thro' His name; *For, etc.*

5 "Lord, help my unbelief!"
 Give me the peace of faith,
 To rest with child-like trust
 On what Thy gospel saith. *That, etc.*

328

GLORY be to the Father, and to the
 Son, and to the Holy Ghost,
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and
 ever shall be, world without end.
 Amen.

329

TELL it out among the nations that
 the Lord is King;
 Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out among the nations, bid them
 shout and sing;
 Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out with adoration that He shall
 increase,
 That the mighty King of glory is the
 King of peace;
 Tell it out with jubilation, let the song
 ne'er cease;
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

2 Tell it out among the people that the
 Saviour reigns!
 Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out among the heathen, bid
 them break their chains;

Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out among the weeping ones
 that Jesus lives;
 Tell it out among the weary ones what
 rest He gives;
 Tell it out among the sinners that He
 came to save;
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

3 Tell it out among the people Jesus
 reigns above;
 Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out among the nations that His
 reign is love;
 Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out among the highways and
 the lanes at home;
 Let it ring across the mountains and
 the ocean's foam;
 That the weary, heavy-laden, need no
 longer roam;
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

330

LIGHT after darkness,
 Gain after loss,
 Strength after weakness,
 Crown after cross;
 Sweet after bitter,
 Hope after fears,
 Home after wand'ring,
 Praise after tears.

2 Sheaves after sowing,
 Sun after rain,
 Sight after mystery,
 Peace after pain;
 Joy after sorrow,
 Calm after blast,
 Rest after weariness,
 Sweet rest at last.

3 Near after distant,
 Gleam after gloom,
 Love after loneliness,
 Life after tomb;
 After long agony
 Rapture of bliss,
 Right was the pathway
 Leading to this.

331

GLORY, glory be to Jesus,
 Glory to His precious name;

Sweet it is to sound His praises,
Blest it is to spread His fame.

*Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory be to Jesus' name,
Sweet it is to sound His praises,
Blest it is to spread His fame.*

2 In the place of His rejection
Where He suffered, where He died,
Bursts of holy praise ascending,
Greets the glorious Crucified.

3 Here was marred His blessed visage,
Here His brow was wreathed with
thorn,

Here the object of derision,
Bitter taunt and mocking scorn.

4 Yes, triumphant hallelujahs .
Still arise to greet His name!
Sweet it is to sound His praises,
Blest it is to spread His fame!

332

WHAT can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
*O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.*

2 For my cleansing this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my pardon this my plea—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

5 Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

333

O CHRIST, in Thee, my soul hath
And found in Thee alone, [found,
The peace, the joy I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.

*Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me,
Thee's love, and life, and lasting joy
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.*

2 I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But while I passed my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.

3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But ah! the waters failed;
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.

4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourn'd,
But never wept for Thee.
Till grace my sightless eyes received
Thy loveliness to see.

334

'TIS the blessed hour of prayer, when
our hearts lowly bend.
And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour
and Friend;

If we come to Him in faith, His pro-
tection to share,

What a balm for the weary! O how
sweet be there!

*Blessed hour of pray'r, blessed hour of
pray'r;*

*What a balm for the weary! O how
sweet to be there!*

2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when
the Saviour draws near.
With a tender compassion His children
to hear;

When He tells us we may cast at His
feet every care,

What a balm for the weary! O how
sweet to be there!

3 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, when
the tempted and tried
To the Saviour who loves them their
sorrow confide:
With a sympathizing heart He removes
every care;

What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there?

4 At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him, we believe
That the blessing we're needing we'll surely receive.

In the fullness of this trust we shall lose every care;

What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

335

O SOUL in the far away country,
A-weary, and famished, and sad,
There's rest in the home of thy Father,
His welcome will make thy heart glad.

Come, come, prodigal come, [home,

And wander no longer afar from

Come, come, prodigal come, [home.

A welcome awaits in thy Father's

2 Arise! and come back to thy Father,
He'll meet thee while yet on the way,
Assured of His tender compassion,
O why wilt thou longer delay.

3 Although thou hast sinned against heaven,

And weak and unworthy may be;

He offers thee full restoration,

And pardon abundant and free.

336

WHEN the Lord from heav'n appears,

When are banished all our fears,

When the sleepers from the tomb,

With the watchers reach their home.

||: *Then enthroned our Lord with Thee,*
We shall reign eternally. :||

2 When our eyes the King shall see,
In His glorious majesty,
When to Him we're called above,
Partners of His joy and love.

3 Debtors to His matchless grace,
At His feel our crowns will place,
And as ages roll along,
Still will sing the glad new song.

4 Let this hope now purify
Those who on Thy word rely;

Comfort to our hearts afford,
"Till the coming of the Lord.

337

COME, sing, my soul, and praise the Lord,

Who hath redeemed thee by His blood;
Delivered thee from chains that bound,
And bro't thee to redemption ground.

Redemption ground, the ground of peace,

Redemption ground. O wondrous grace;

Here let our praise to God abound,

Who saves us on redemption ground.

2 Once from my God I wandered far,
And with His holy will made war;
But now my songs to God abound;
I'm standing on Redemption ground.

3 O joyous hour when God to me

A vision gave of Calvary;

My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound;

I sang upon redemption ground,

4 No works of merit now I plead,

But Jesus take for all my need;

No righteousness in me is found,

Except upon redemption ground.

5 Come, weary soul, and here find rest;

Accept redemption, and be blest;

The Christ who died, by God is crowned

To pardon on redemption ground.

338

CHRIST is coming! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;

Let the glorious proclamation

Hope restore and faith increase:

Christ is coming! Christ is coming!

Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

Christ is coming! Christ is coming!

Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story

Of Thy bitter cross and pain;

She shall yet behold Thy glory

When thou comest back to reign.

3 Though once cradled in a manger,

Oft no pillow but the sod;

Here an alien and a stranger,

Mock'd of men, disown'd of God.

4 Long Thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see.

5 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty ransom'd chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

339

RISE up, and hasten! my soul, haste
along!

And speed on thy journey with hope
and with song;

Home, home is nearing, 'tis coming in-
to view,

A little more of toiling and then to
earth adieu.

*Come then, come, and raise the joyful
song!*

*Ye children of the wilderness, our time
cannot be long.*

*Home, home, home, O why should we de-
lay?*

*The morn of heav'n is dawning, we're
near the break of day.*

2 Why should we linger when heaven
lies before?

While earth's fast receding, and soon
will be no more;

Pleasures and treasures which once
here we knew,

No more can they charm us with such
a goal in view.

3 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed
on before,

Now resting in glory, they weary are
no more;

Toils are all ended, and nothing now but
joy,

And praises ascending, their ever glad
employ.

4 No condemnation! how blessed is the
word

And no separation! forever with the
Lord;

He will be with us who loved us long
before,

And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours evermore.

340

I THINK when I read that sweet sto-
ry of old,

When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs
to His fold,

I should like to have been with them
then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed
on my head,

His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind
look when He said,

"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I
may go,

And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone
to prepare,

For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering
there,

"For of such is the kingdom of Hea-
ven."

341

JESUS I will trust Thee, trust Thee
with my soul;

Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst
make me whole.

There is none in heaven or on earth like
Thee;

Thou hast died for sinners—therefore,
Lord, for me.

*In Thy love confiding I will seek Thy
face,*

*Worship and adore Thee, for Thy wond-
rous grace.*

*Jesus I will trust Thee, trust Thee with
my soul;*

*Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst
make me whole.*

2 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy
written word,

Since Thy voice of mercy I have often
heard,

When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste
how sweet—

Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet,

3 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee
without doubt;
"Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast
out."
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy
blood—
These my soul's salvation, Thou my
Saviour God!

342

"NOT my own," but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His blood,
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord.
*"Not my own!" O "not my own!"
Jesus, I belong to Thee?
All I have, and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity.*

2 "Not my own!" to Christ my Saviour,
I believing, trust my soul;
Ev'rything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.

3 "Not my own!" my time, my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

4 "Not my own!" the Lord accepts me,
One among the ransomed throng,
Who in heav'n shall see His glory,
And to Jesus Christ belong.

343

WITH His dear and loving care,
Will the Saviour lead us on,
To the hills and valleys fair
Over Jordan?
Yes, we'll rest our weary feet
By the crystal waters, sweet,
When the peaceful shore we greet
Over Jordan.

*Over Jordan! over Jordan;
Yes, we'll rest our weary feet,
By the crystal waters sweet,
Over Jordan, over Jordan;
When the peaceful shores we'll greet
Over Jordan.*

2 Through the rocky wilderness,
Will the Saviour lead us on,
To the land we shall possess
Over Jordan!

Yes, by night the wondrous ray,
Cloudy pillar by the day,
They shall guide us on our way
Over Jordan.

3 With His strong and mighty hand,
Will the Saviour lead us on,
To that good and pleasant land
Over Jordan!

Yes, where vine and olive grow,
And the brooks and fountains flow,
Thirst nor hunger shall we know
Over Jordan.

4 In the Promised Land to be,
Will the Saviour lead us on,
Till fair Canaan's shore we see
Over Jordan?

Yes! to dwell with Thee, at last,
Guide and lead us, as Thou hast,
Till the parted wave be passed
Over Jordan.

344

PRaise ye the Lord; for it is good,
Praise to our God to sing;
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.

*Praise the Lord, it is good,
Praise to our God to sing;
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.*

2 Those that are broken in their heart,
And troubled in their minds.
He healeth, and their painful wounds,
He tenderly upbinds.

3 He counts the number of the stars;
He names them ev'ry one:
Our Lord is great, and of great power,
His wisdom search can none.

345

O I left it all with Jesus, long ago;
All my sins I brought Him and my
woe,
When by faith I saw Him bleeding on
the tree;
Heard His still small whisper, "'Tis
for Thee!"

||: *From my weary heart the burden
rolled away,
Happy day! happy day!:*||

2 O I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows,
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
How to gild the tear of sorrow with His smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile.

||:Then with all my weakness leaning on All is light! all is light!:|| [His might,

3 O I leave all with Jesus, day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may;

Hope has dropp'd for aye her anchor,
found her rest,

In the calm, sure haven of His breast.

||:Love esteems it joy of heaven to abide At His side! at His side!:||

4 Leave, O leave it all with Jesus,
drooping soul;

Tell not half thy story, but the whole;
Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His hand,

Life and death are waiting His command,

||:Yes, His tender, loving mercy makes thee room:

O come home! O come home!:||

346

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners spare?

*God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus lives and loves me still;
Jesus lives,
He lives and loves me still.*

2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

347

THE blood has always precious been,
'Tis precious now to me;
Through it alone my soul has rest,
From fear and doubt set free.

*O wondrous is the crimson tide
Which from my Saviour flowed;
And still in heav'n my song shall be,
The precious, precious blood.*

2 I will remember now no more,
God's faithful Word has said,
The follies and the sins of him
For whom my Son has bled.

3 Not all my well-remembered sins
Can startle or dismay;
The precious blood atones for all
And bears my guilt away.

4 Perhaps this feeble frame of mine
Will soon in sickness lie
But resting on the precious blood
How peacefully I'll die.

348

LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.

In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,

Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

Is my name written there.

On the page white and fair!

*In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?*

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me;

For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 O that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,
Yes, my name's written there.

349

HELPLESS, I come to Jesus' blood,
And all myself resign;

I lose my weakness in that food,
And gather strength divine.

||: *My soul will overcome by the blood of the Lamb.* :||

*Overcome, overcome,
Overcome by the blood of the Lamb.*

2 'Tis Jesus gives me life within,
And nerves me for the fray;
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin,
And took their pow'r away.

3 Tho' clouds of conflict hide my view,
And foes are fierce and strong,
In Jesus' name I'll struggle thro',
And enter heaven with song.

350

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love;

O name of might and favor,
All other names above,

We worship Thee! we bless Thee!

To Thee alone we sing!

*We praise Thee and confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King!*

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth.
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth
O Son of God, is Thine.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song, above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love.

*Then shall we praise and bless Thee!
Where perfect praises ring!
And evermore confess Thee.
Our Saviour and our King.*

351

S SOUL of mine, in earthly temple,
Why not here content abide?
Why art thou forever pleading?
Why art thou not satisfied?

||: *I shall be satisfied
When I awake in His likeness.* :||

2 Soul of mine, my heart is clinging
To the earth's fair pomp and pride;

Ah, why dost thou thus reprove me!
Why art thou not satisfied?

3 Soul of mine, must I surrender,
See myself as crucified;
Turn from all of earth's ambition,
That thou may'st be satisfied?

4 Soul of mine, continue pleading,
Sin rebuke, and folly chide;
I accept the cross of Jesus,
That thou may'st be satisfied.

352

TRUST on! trust on, believer!
Tho' long the conflict be,
Thou yet shalt prove victorious;
Thy God shall fight for thee.

Trust on! trust on!

Tho' dark the night and drear;

Trust on! trust on!

The morning dawn is near.

2 Trust on! trust on; thy failings
May bow thee to the dust,
But in thy deepest sorrow,
O give not up thy trust.

3 Trust on! the danger presses;
Temptation strong is near,
Yet o'er life's dangerous rapids,
He shall thy passage steer.

4 O Christ is strong to save us,
He is a faithful Friend,
Trust on! trust on! believer,
O trust Him to the end.

353

SHOULD the Death angel knock at
thy chamber,

In the still watch of to-night;
Say will your spirit pass into torment,
Or to the land of delight?

Say are you ready, O are you ready?

If the Death angel should call;

Say are you ready? O are you ready?

Mercy stands waiting for all.

2 Many sad spirits now are departing
Into the world of despair;
Ev'ry brief moment brings your doom
nearer.

Sinner, O sinner, beware!

3 Many redeemed ones now are ascend-
ing
Into the mansions of light;

Jesus is pleading, patiently pleading,
O let Him save you to-night.

354

TRUSTING in the Lord thy God,
Onward go! onward go!
Holding fast His promised word,
Onward go!
Ne'er deny His worthy Name,
Tho' it bring reproach and shame;
Spreading still His wondrous fame,
Onward go!

2 Has He called thee to the plough?
Onward go! onward go!
Night is coming, serve Him now;
Onward go!
Faith and love in service blend;
On His mighty arm depend;
Standing fast until the end,
Onward go!

3 Has He given thee golden grain?
Onward go! onward go!
Sow, and thou shalt reap again;
Onward go!
To thy Master's gate repair,
Watching be and waiting there;
He will hear and answer prayer,
Onward go!

4 Has He said the end is near?
Onward go! onward go!
Serving Him with holy fear,
Onward go!
Christ thy portion, Christ thy stay,
Heavenly bread upon the way,
Leading on to glorious day,
Onward go!

5 In this little moment then,
Onward go! onward go!
In thy ways acknowledge Him;
Onward go!
Let His mind be found in thee;
Let His will thy pleasure be;
Thus in life and liberty,
Onward go!

355

THE love that Jesus had for me,
To suffer on the cruel tree,
That I a ransomed soul might be,
Is more than tongue can tell.

||: *His love is more than tongue can tell;||*
The love that Jesus had for me
Is more than tongue can tell.

2 The many sorrows that He bore,
And O, that crown of thorns He wore,
That I might live forevermore,
Is more than tongue can tell.

3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,
Who pleads before the throne of God,
The merit of His precious blood,
Is more than tongue can tell.

4 The joy that comes when He is near,
The rest He gives, so free from fear,
The hope in Him so bright and clear,
Is more than tongue can tell.

356

ALL seeing, gracious Lord—
My heart before Thee lies;
All sin of thought and life abhorred,
My soul to Thee would rise.

Hear Thou my prayer, O God,
Unite my heart to Thee;
Beneath Thy love, beneath Thy rod,
From sin deliver me.

2 Thou knowest all my need,
My inmost thought dost see;
Ah, Lord! from all allurements freed
Like Thee transformed I'd be.

3 Thou holy, blessed One,
To me I pray draw near;
My spirit fill, O heavenly Son,
With loving, Godly fear.

4 Bind Thou my life to Thine,
To me Thy life is given;
While I my all to Thee resign,
Thou art my all in heaven.

357

PRAY, brethren, pray,
The sands are falling;
Pray, brethren, pray,
God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime;
We kneel upon the edge of time.

Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, Eternity,
Eternity is drawing nigh.

2 Praise, brethren, praise,
The skies are rending;
Praise, brethren, praise,

The fight is ending.
Behold! the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon appear.

3 Watch, brethren, watch,
The day is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch,
The time is flying;
Watch as men watch the starting
breath
Watch as men watch for life or death.

4 Look, brethren, look,
The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark,
The dead are waking.
With girded loins already stand;
Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

358

OUR way is often rugged
While here on earth we roam,
And thorns are in the pathway:
But we are going home.

*We're going, going,
Yes, we are going home;
We soon shall cross the river,
And be with Christ at home.*

2 To Marah's bitter waters
We oft have murmur come,
But God the cup has sweetened;
And so we're going home.

3 When of the desert weary,
Our God His grace has shown,
By resting us at Elim,
With sweet foretastes of home.

4 With hunger often fainting,
We've made complaining moan;
But, fed by heavenly manna,
We still are going home.

5 Some stand to-day on Nebo,
The journey nearly done,
And some are in the valley;
But all are going home.

359

BROTHER, art thou worn and weary,
Tempted, tried, and sore oppress'd?
Listen to the word of Jesus,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

||: "Come unto me and rest!" :||

*Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
"Come unto me, and rest!"*

2 O He knows the dark forbodings
Of the conscience-troubled breast;
And to such His words is given,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

3 To the Lord bring all your burden,
Put the promise to the test;
Hear Him say, you burden-Bearer
"Come unto me, and rest!"

4 If in sorrow thou art weeping,
Grieving for the loved ones missed,
Surely then to you He whispers,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

5 Trust to Him for all thy future,
He will give thee what is best;
Why then fear when He is saying,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

360

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;

There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue.—
O the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

||: *Going by, going by, :||
O the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.*

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by.
O the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise.
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by.
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

361

THEY'RE gathering homeward from
ev'ry land,

One by one! one by one!
As their weary feet touch the shining
strand,

Yes, one by one!
They rest with the Saviour, they wait
their crown,
Their travel-stained garments all laid
down,
They wait the white raiment the Lord
shall prepare
For all who the glory with Him shall
share.

*Gath'ring home! gath'ring home!
Fording the river one by one!
Gath'ring home! gath'ring home!
Yes, one by one!*

2 Before they rest they pass thro' the
strife,

One by one! one by one!
Thro' the waters of death they enter life,
Yes, one by one!

To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the hea-
venly hill;

The waves to others run fiercely and
wild,
Yet they reach the home of the unde-
filed.

3 We too must come to the river side,
One by one! one by one!

We are nearer its water each eventide,
Yes, one by one!

We can hear the noise of the dashing
stream,

Oft now and again, through our life's
deep dream;

Sometimes the dark floods all the banks
overflow,

Sometimes in ripples and small waves go.

4 Oh, Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one! one by one!

We lift up our voices tremblingly,
Yes, one by one!

The waves of the river are dark and cold,
But we know the place where our feet
shall hold;

O Thou who didst pass through the
deepest midnight,

Now guide us, and send us the staff and
light.

362

ONLY a little while
Of walking with weary feet,
Patiently over the thorny way
That leads to the golden street.

2 Suffer if God shall will,
And work for Him while we may,
From Calvary's cross to Zion's crown,
Is only a little way.

3 Only a little while,
For toiling a few short days,
And then comes the rest, the quiet rest,
Eternity's endless praise.

363

BEHOLD, what love, what boundless
love,

The Father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be,
Now called the sons of God!

*Behold, what manner of love!
What manner of love the Father hath be-
stowed upon us,*

*That we—that we should be called,
Should be called the sons of God.*

2 No longer far from Him, but now
By "precious blood" made nigh;
Accepted in the "Well-beloved,"
Near to God's heart we lie.

3 What we in glory soon shall be,
It doth not yet appear;
But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.

4 With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

364

I HEAR the words of Jesus,
They speak of peace with God;

I see the Lamb, Christ Jesus,
Who bore my heavy load;

I trust the blood of Jesus,
From sin it sets me free,

I love the name of Jesus,
Who gave Himself for me.

2 His word divinely blessed,
It shows me what I am;

His cross it brings salvation,
The victim was the Lamb;
His blood procureth pardon,
And justifies the soul,
His name, how sweet and precious,
It makes the sinner whole.

- 3 O hear the words of Jesus,
The tidings are for thee;
O clasp the cross of Jesus,
And there for refuge flee;
O trust the blood of Jesus,
Be saved this very hour;
O love the name of Jesus,
Blest name of wondrous power

365

MY soul is happy all day long—
Jesus is my Saviour;
And all my life is full of song—
Jesus died for me.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
To the loving Lamb for sinners slain;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
To the Lamb who lives again.

- 2 My heavy load of sin is gone—
Jesus is my Saviour;
At His dear cross I laid it down—
Jesus died for me.

- 3 I heard the voice of mercy call—
Jesus is my Saviour;
I simply trusted, that was all—
Jesus died for me.

- 4 Now will I tell it all around—
Jesus is my Saviour;
How sweet a blessing I have found—
Jesus died for me.

366

SAD and weary, lone and dreary,
Lord, I would Thy call obey;
Thee believing, Christ receiving,
I would come to Thee to-day.
I am coming, I am coming,
Coming, Saviour to be blessed;
I am coming, I am coming,
Coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.

- 2 Thou, the Holy, meek and lowly.
Jesus, unto Thee I come;
Keep me ever, let me never
From Thy blessed keeping roam.

- 3 Here abiding, in Thee hiding,
Seeks my weary soul to rest,
Till the dawning of the morning,
When I wake among the blest.

- 4 Be thou near me, keep and cheer me,
Thro' life's dark and stormy way;
Turn my sadness into gladness,
Turn my darkness into day.

367

I SAW a way-worn traveler
In tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad;
His back was laden heavy
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall wear.

- 2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward
For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

- 3 The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay;
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

- 4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city—
His everlasting home—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

- 5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions,
Safe o'er the dashing foam;

And joined him in his triumph—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore;
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna.
Deliverance has come!

368

JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry.
Unless Thou help me I must die;
O bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

*Take me as I am, take me as I am;
Lord, I give myself to Thee,
O take me as I am.*

2 Helpless I am full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt;
And Thou canst make me what Thou
wilt,

And take me as I am.

3 I bow before Thy mercy seat,
Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
And take me as I am.

4 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work, both in, and by me too,
And take me as I am.

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won;
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
O take me as I am.

369

ONCE more we come, God's word to
hear

The word so pure and holy;
Now grant us, Lord, a list'ning ear,
A spirit meek and lowly:
For if we hear, and heed it not,
We hear for condemnation;
For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

2 The life of God is in the word;
And whoso'er believeth
The record there, of Christ the Lord,
Eternal life receiveth;

But if we hear, believing not,
We hear for condemnation;
For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

3 The word of God, by faith received,
Imparts regeneration;
And he who hath in Christ believed
Lives out a new creation;
But if we hear, and do it not,
We hear for condemnation;
For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

4 So, when the word of God we hear,
Let us be humbly pleading
The Holy Ghost to give us light,
As we the word are heeding;
But if we hear, and feel it not,
We hear for condemnation;
For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

370

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds
of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy
eve;

Waiting for the Harvest, and the time
of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

*Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.*

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's
chilling breeze;

By and by the harvest, and the labor
ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for
the Master,
Tho' the loss sustain'd our spirit of-
ten grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid
us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

1
 DON shall we see the glorious morn-
 ing,
 saints arise! saints arise!
 mers, attend the notes of warning,
 saints arise! saints arise!
 e resurrection day draws near,
 e King of Saints shall soon appear,
 d high His royal standard rear,
 saints arise! saints arise!

Hear ye the trump of God resounding,
 saints arise! saints arise!
 rough all the vault of death rebound-
 ing,
 saints arise! saints arise!
 meet the Bridegroom, haste, prepare,
 t on your bridal garments fair,
 d hail your Saviour in the air,
 saints arise! saints arise!

The saints who sleep, with joy awaken,
 All arise! all arise!
 eir beds of death are quick forsaken,
 All arise! all arise!
 t one of all the faithful few
 ho here on earth the Saviour knew,
 t starts with bliss his Lord to view,
 All arise! all arise!

Fast by the throne of God behold them
 Crowned with bliss! crowned with
 bliss!
 e in His arms the Saviour fold them,
 Crowned with bliss! crowned with
 bliss!
 ith wreaths of glory round their head,
 o tears of sorrow now are shed,
 o joy's full fountain all are led,
 Crowned at last! crowned at last!

2
 WE praise Thee and bless Thee,
 Our Father in heaven,
 For the joy of salvation
 Thy gospel hath given.
*Hallelujah! we praise Thee
 Thro' Jesus our Lord;
 Hallelujah! we bless Thee
 For the gift of Thy word!*

2 We praise Thee and bless Thee
 Once sinful and sad,

By the word Thou hast given,
 To Christ we were led.

3 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
 The Spirit hath come
 To dwell with, and teach us,
 And guide us safe home.

4 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
 For food by the way;
 The manna from heaven
 Provided each day.

5 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
 Thy word hath gone forth,
 That Christ shall be King and
 Reign over the earth,

6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
 And wait His return
 To fulfill ev'ry promise
 He made to His own.

7 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
 We'll reign with Him then,
 To praise Thee and bless Thee
 Forever. Amen.

373

MY God and Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough
 way,

O teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done"

||: "Thy will be done!" :||

O teach me from my heart to say
 "Thy will be done!"

2 What tho' in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,
 "Thy will be done!"

||: "Thy will be done!" :||

Submissive still would I reply,
 "Thy will be done!"

3 Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest,
 "Thy will be done?"

||: "Thy will be done!" :||

My God to Thee I leave the rest;
 "Thy will be done!"

4 Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with Thine; and take away
 All now that makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done!"

||: "Thy will be done!" :||
*All now that makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done!"*

5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done!"

||: "Thy will be done!" :||
*I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done!"*

374

IN Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,
 Hide Thou me;
 When the fitful tempest rages,
 Hide Thou me;
 Where no mortal arm can sever,
 From my heart Thy love for ever,
 Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
 Safe in Thee.

2 From the snare of sinful pleasure,
 Hide Thou me;
 Thou my soul's eternal treasure,
 Hide Thou me;
 When the world its power is wielding,
 And my heart is almost yielding,
 Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
 Safe in Thee.

3 In the lonely night of sorrow,
 Hide Thou me;
 Till in glory dawns the morrow,
 Hide Thou me;
 In the sight of Jordan's billow,
 Let Thy bosom be my pillow,
 Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
 Safe in Thee.

375

I AM waiting for the morning
 Of the blessed day to dawn;
 When the sorrow and the sadness,
 Of this changeful life are gone.

*I am waiting, only waiting,
 Till this weary life is o'er;
 Only waiting for my welcome,
 From my Saviour on the other shore.*

2 I am waiting: worn and weary
 With the battle and the strife,
 Hoping when the warfare's over
 To receive a crown of life.

3 Waiting, hoping, trusting ever,
 For a home of boundless love;
 Like a pilgrim looking forward
 To the land of bliss above.

4 Hoping soon to meet the loved ones
 Where the "many mansions" be;
 Listening for the happy welcome
 Of my Saviour calling me.

376

HEAVENLY Father, we Thy chil-
 ren,
 Gathered round our risen Lord,
 Lift our hearts in earnest pleading:
 O revive us by Thy word!
*Send refreshing, send refreshing
 From Thy presence, gracious Lord
 Send refreshing, send refreshing,
 And revive us by Thy word!*

2 Gracious gales of heavenly blessing
 In Thy love to us afford;
 Let us feel Thy Spirit's presence.
 O revive us by Thy word!

3 Weak and weary in the conflict,
 "Wrestling not with flesh and blood,"
 Help us Lord, as faint we falter;
 O revive us by Thy word!

4 With Thy strength, O Master gird us
 Be our Guide and be our Guard:
 Fill us with Thy holy Spirit,
 O revive us by Thy word!

377

WHEN the King in His beauty shall
 come to His throne,
 And around Him are gathered His
 loved ones, His own;
 There be some who will knock at His
 fair palace door.
 To be answered within "There is mer-
 cy no more."

||: "I have never known you," :||
*"I have never, I have never,
 I have never known you."*

2 They had known whence He came
 and the grace which He brought;
 In their presence He healed, in their
 streets He had taught;
 They had mentioned His name and their
 friendship professed;
 But they never believed, for of them
 He confessed;

Now the righteous are reigning with
Abraham there; [despair,
it for these is appointed an endless
is vain that they call: He once
knock'd at their gate,
it they welcomed Him not; so now
this is their fate:

O sinner, give heed to this story of
gloom, [your doom;
or the hour is fast nearing that fixes
ill you still reject mercy? still harden
your heart?
then, what will you do as the King
cries—"Depart!"

8
BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
yond the waking and the sleeping,
yond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

Love, rest and home!

Sweet, sweet home!

Lord, tarry not, but come,

Lord tarry not.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
yond the shining and the shading,
yond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
yond the farewell and the greeting,
yond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
yond the rock-waste and the river,
yond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

9
ESUS is coming! sing the glad word!
Coming for those He redeemed by
His blood
ning to reign as the glorified Lord,
Jesus is coming again!

Jesus is coming, is coming again!
Jesus is coming again! [plain!
out the glad tidings o'er mountain and
Jesus is coming again!

2 Jesus is coming! the dead shall arise,
Loved ones shall meet in a joyful sur-
prise,
Caught up together to Him in the skies,
Jesus is coming again!

3 Jesus is coming! His saints to release;
Coming to give to the warring earth
peace; [cease,
Sinning and sighing, and sorrow, shall
Jesus is coming again!

4 Jesus is coming! the promise is true,
Who are the chosen, the faithful, the
few, [view?
Waiting and watching, prepared for re-
Jesus is coming again!

380

WE are children of a King.
Heavenly King, heavenly King,
We are children of a King.
Singing as we journey;
Jesus Christ our Guard and Guide,
Bids us, nothing terrified,
Follow closely at His side,
Singing as we journey.

2 We are traveling to our home,
Blessed home, blessed home!
We are traveling to our home,
Singing as we journey;
Toward a city out of sight
Where will fall no shade of night,
For our Saviour is its light,
Singing as we journey.

3 Full of joy we onward go,
Heavenward go, homeward go,
Full of joy we onward go,
Singing as we journey;
Singing all the journey through—
Singing hearts are brave and true—
Singing till our homes we view,
Singing as we journey.

381

WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?

*Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side:
Saviour, we are Thine.*

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem;
With Thy blessing, filling
All who come to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow;
Round His standard ranging,
Vict'ry is secure,
For His truth unchanging,
Makes the triumph sure.

382

TRAVELING to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father, let me grasp Thy hand;
Lead me on!

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter waters sweet;
Lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm groves near,
And her wells as crystal clear;
Lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher;
Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on!

383

LOOK unto me and be ye saved,
I heard the just One say;
And as by faith on Him I gazed,
My burden rolled away,
*I've passed the cross at Calvary,
I'm on the Heaven side;
The world is crucified to me,
Since Christ my ransom died;
The world is crucified to me,
Since Christ my ransom died.*

2 By His atonement reconciled,
My Father's face I see;
The empty tomb now intervenes
Between the world and me.

3 O glorious height of vantage ground
O blest, victorious hour!
In Him to trust and fully know
His resurrection power.

384

NO works of law have we to boast,
By nature ruined, guilty, lost;
Condemned already, but Thy hand
Provided what Thou didst demand.

*We take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim;
We take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.*

2 No faith we bring, 'tis Christ alone,
'Tis what He is—what He has done;
He is for us as given by God,
It was for us He shed His blood.

3 We do not feel our sins are gone,
We know it by Thy word alone;
We know that there our sins did 'st la
On Him who has put sin away.

Because we know our sins forgiven,
 e happy feel—our home is heaven;
 help us now as sons of God,
 tread the path that Jesus trod.

35

HERE is love, true love, and the
 heart grows warm,
 When the Lord to Bethany comes;
 and the word of life has a wondrous
 charm,

When the Lord to Bethany comes;
 here is joy, glad joy, and a feast is
 spread,

When the Lord to Bethany comes;
 or His heavenly voice brings to life
 the dead,

When the Lord to Bethany comes.

*was a happy, happy day, in the olden
 time,*

*When the Lord to Bethany came;
 pen wide the door, let Him enter now!
 or His love is ever the same!*

*His love is ever the same! :||
 pen wide the door, let Him enter now!
 or His love is ever the same.*

There is peace, sweet peace, and the
 life grows calm

When the Lord to Bethany comes;
 and the trusting soul sings a sweet
 soft psalm,

When the Lord to Bethany comes;
 here is faith, strong faith, and our
 home seems near,

When the Lord to Bethany comes;
 and the crown more bright, and the
 cross more dear,

When the Lord to Bethany comes.

86

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
 Filled with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day.

Heav'n bids thee come,
 While yet there's room;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come while thou canst borrow

Help from on high;
 Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

387

LORD, my trust I repose in Thee,
 O how great is Thy love to me!
 Thou the strength of my life shalt be;
 This I know, this I know.

*Thine, Thine, and only Thine,
 Now and ever Thine;
 Thou dost love me, Saviour mine;
 This I know, this I know.*

2 Thou dost lead with a sweet command,
 Thou dost lead with a gentle hand;
 On the rock of Thy truth I stand;
 This I know, this I know.

3 I shall rise to a world of light,
 I shall rest in a mansion bright;
 Then my faith shall be lost in sight;
 This I know, this I know.

388

NOT what these hands have done,
 Can save this guilty soul:
 Not what this toiling flesh has borne,
 Can make my spirit whole.

*Thy work alone, my Saviour,
 Can ease this weight of sin;
 Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
 Can give me peace within.*

2 Not what I feel or do,
 Can give me peace with God:
 Not all my prayers, or sighs, or tears,
 Can ease my awful load.

3 Thy love to me, O God,
 Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
 Can rid me of this dark unrest,
 And set my spirit free.

4 No other work save Thine,
 No meaner blood will do;
 No strength, save that which is divine,
 Can bear me safely through.

5 I praise the God of grace,
 I trust His love and might;
 He calls me His, I call Him mine;
 My God, my joy, my light!

389

MY life flows on in endless song;
 Above earth's lamentation,
 I hear the sweet though far-off hymn
 That hails a new creation;
 Through all the tumult and the strife
 I hear the music ringing;
 It finds an echo in my soul—
 How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comforts die!
 The Lord my Saviour liveth;
 What tho' the darkness gather round?
 Songs in the night He giveth
 No storm can shake my inmost calm
 While to that refuge clinging;
 Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
 How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the clouds grow thin;
 I see the blue above it;
 And day by day this pathway smooths,
 Since first I learned to love it;
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
 A fountain ever springing;
 All things are mine since I am His—
 How can I keep from singing?

390

ONCE again the Gospel message
 From the Saviour you have heard;
 Will you heed the invitation?
 Will you turn and seek the Lord?
*||: Come believing! come believing!
 Come to Jesus! look and live! ||*

2 Many summers you have wasted,
 Ripened harvests you have seen;
 Winter snows by Spring have melted,
 Yet you linger in your sin.

3 Jesus for your choice is waiting;
 Tarry not: at once decide!
 While the spirit now is striving,
 Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.

4 Cease of fitness to be thinking;
 Do not longer try to feel;
 It is *trusting* and not *feeling*,
 That will give the Spirit's seal.

5 Let your will to God be given,
 Trust in Christ's atoning blood;
 Look to Jesus now in heaven,
 Rest on His unchanging word.

391

SOUND the alarm! Let the watch-
 man cry!
 "Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh;
 Who will escape from the wrath to
 come?
 Who have a place in the soul's bright
 home?"

*Sound the alarm watchman! Sound the
 alarm!
 For the Lord will come with a conquer-
 ing arm; [vance,
 And the hosts of sin, as their ranks ad-
 Shall wither and fall at His glance.*

2 Sound the alarm! Let the cry go forth,
 Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of
 earth;
 "Flee to the Rock where the soul may
 hide!
 Flee to the Rock! in its cleft abide!"

2 Sound the alarm on the mountain's
 brow!
 Plead with the lost by the wayside
 now;
 Warn them to come and the truth em-
 brace;
 Urge them to come and be saved by
 grace.

4 Sound the alarm in the youthful ear,
 Sound it aloud that the old may hear;
 Blow ye the trump while the day-beams
 last!
 Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

392

BEAUTIFUL morning? Day of hope.
 Dawn of a better life;
 Now in the peaceful hours we rest,
 Far from earth's noise and strife.

*Morning of resurrection joy,
 Day when the Saviour rose.
 Singing shall greet thy opening hours,
 Singing shall mark thy close.*

2 Beautiful morning! All the week
 Waiteth thy welcome light,
 Since thy first dawning, calm and clear,
 Out of the darkest night.

3 Beautiful morning! Grief and pain,
 Weeping before the tomb,

at thy dawning, Jesus rose,
Jesus dispelled the gloom.

13

WILL not be long our journey here,
Each broken sigh and falling tear,
Ill soon be gone, and all will be
cloudless sky, a waveless sea.

Roll on, dark stream,

We dread not thy foam;

The Pilgrim is longing

For home, sweet home.

Twill not be long the yearning heart
ay feel its every hope depart,
and grief be mingled with its song;
e'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

Though sad we mark the closing eye,
those we loved in days gone by,
et sweet in death their latest song—
e'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

These checkered wilds, with thorns
o'erspread,

rough which our way so oft is led—
ismarch of time, with truth so strong,
ill end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

14

IS known on earth, in heaven too.
'Tis sweet to me because 'tis true;
e "old, old story" is ever new;
Tell me more about Jesus.

"Tell me more about Jesus!" :||
Him would I know who loved me so;
"Tell me more about Jesus!"

Earth's fairest flowers will droop and
die,

ark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky;
fe's dearest joys flit fleetest by;
Tell me more about Jesus.

When overwhelmed with unbelief,
hen burdened with a blinding grief,
me kindly then to my relief;
Tell me more about Jesus.

And when the Glory-land I see,
ad take the "place prepared" for me,
rough endless years my song shall
be—

Tell me more about Jesus.

395

THE word of God is given
To all who serve Him here,
That when the Lord from heaven
In glory shall appear,
We then shall be delivered
From sorrow, sin and pain;
And if for Christ we suffer,
With Him we then shall reign.

We are going home to Jesus!

Going home to Jesus!

Going to the mansions

He's preparing there on high!

We are going home to Jesus!

Going home to Jesus!

And we'll gather there in glory!

By and by!

2 Once in our sin we wandered
Far, far away from God,
And precious hours we squandered
Upon the downward road;
But God in grace hath called us,
And given us to share
The purchase of our Saviour,
A mansion bright and fair.

3 Now with this hope to cheer us,
And with the Spirit's seal,
That all our sins were pardoned,
Through Him whose stripes did heal;
As "strangers" and as "pilgrims,"
No place on earth we own,
But work and watch as "servants,"
Until the Lord shall come.

396

TO Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him for all His dying pain,

Hallelujah, hallelujah,

Hallelujah to His name.

2 To Him, the Lamb, our sacrifice,
Who gave His life the ransomed price,
3 To Him who died that we might die,
To sin, and live with Him on high:
4 To Him who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
5 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
6 To Him who doth prepare on high,
Our home in immortality.

7 To Him be glory evermore!
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore!

397

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide,
Now, like a weary traveler
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

3 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now these all lie behind me—
O for a well tuned harp!
O to join the hallelujah
With yon triumphant band!
Who sing where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land,

398

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives!
What comfort this sweet message
gives!

He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, all glorious in the sky,
He lives, exalted there on high,
My everlasting Head.

||: *He lives! He lives!*

I know that my Redeemer lives, :||

2 He lives, to bless me with His love;
He lives, to plead for me above,
My hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to grant me rich supply,
He lives, to guide me with His eye;
To help in time of need.

3 He lives, triumphant from the grave;
He lives, eternally to save;
And while He lives I'll sing:
He lives, my ever faithful Friend:
He lives, and loves me to the end;
My Prophet, Priest and King!

4 He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there;
My Jesus still the same:
What joy this blest assurance gives!—
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"
All glory to His name!

399

"A LITTLE while!" and He shall
come;

The hour draws on apace,
The blessed hour, the glorious morn,
When we shall see His face:
How light our trials then will seem!
How short our pilgrim way!
Our life on earth a fitful dream,
Dispelled by dawning day!

*Then come, Lord Jesus, quickly come
In glory and in light!
Come take Thy longing children home
And end earth's weary night!*

2 "A little while!" with patience, Lord
I fain would ask "How long?"
For how can I with such a hope
Of glory and of home,
With such a joy awaiting me,
Not wish the hour were come!
How can I keep the longing back,
And how suppress the groan!

3 Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my
tongue!

Be calm, my troubled breast!
Each passing hour is hast'ning on
The everlasting rest:
Thou knowest well—the time thy Go
Appoints for thee is best;
The morning star will soon arise;
The glow is in the East.

400

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory
died,
My richest gain I count but loss.
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God
All the vain things that charm me
most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

401

BEHOLD a stranger at the door
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long,—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
2 O! lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands,
O! matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners yes, 'tis He,
With garments died at Calvary.
4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin;
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

402

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of death has faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Thro' the twilight soft and gray.
2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer tide has faded,
And the Autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly,
All the ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.
3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the pearly gate,
At whose portals long I've lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate:
Even now I hear their footsteps,

And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

4 Waiting for a brighter dwelling
Than I ever yet have seen,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
And the fields are ever green:
Waiting for my full redemption,
When my Saviour shall restore
All that sin has caused to wither;
Age and sorrow come no more.

403

SAY, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beam would fall brightly on me.
There are many and many around you,
Who follow wherever you go,
If you thought that they walked in the shadow,
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

*Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beam would fall brightly on me!*

2 Upon the dark mountains they stumble,
They are bruised on the rocks and they lie
With white pleading faces turned upward,
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.
There is many a lamp that is lighted—
We behold them anear and afar:
But not many among them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.

3 If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!
How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mist would roll up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness,
To hail the millennial day!

404

IT'S a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're
- livin' in the noo',

An' sunny is the lan' that noo we aften
 traiv'll throo;
 But in vain we look for something here
 to which oor hearts may cling,
 For its beauty is as naething tae the pal-
 ace o' the King.
 We like the gilded simmer, wi' its mer-
 ry, merry tread,
 An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its
 beauties wi' the dead;
 For tho' bonnie are the snawflakes, an'
 the doon on Winter's wing,
 It's fine to ken it daurna touch the pal-
 ace o' the King.

2 Then again, I've juist been thinkin'
 that when a-thing here's sae bricht,
 The sun in a' its grandeur, an' themune
 wi' quiverin' licht,
 The ocean i' the simmer; or the wood-
 land i' the spring,
 What maun it be up yonner, i' the pal-
 ace o' the King.
 It's here we hae oor trials, an' it's here
 that He prepares
 His chosen for the raiment which the
 ransomed sinner wears.
 An' it's here that He wad hear us 'mid
 oor tribulations sing.
 "We'll trust oor God wha' reigneth i' the
 palace o' the King."

3 O its honor heaped on honor that His
 courtiers should be ta'en
 Frae the wan'drin' anes He died for i'
 this warl' o' sin and pain,
 An' its fu'est love an' service that the
 Christian aye should bring
 To the feet o' Him wha' reigneth i' the
 palace o' the King.
 The time for sawin' seed, it is a wearin',
 wearin' dune;
 An' the time for winnin' souls will be
 ower verra sune.
 Then let us a' be active, if a fruitfu'
 sheaf we'd bring
 To adorn the Royal table i' the palace
 c' the King.

4 Then lat us trust Him better than
 we've ever dune afore,

For the King will feed His servants frae
 His ever bounteous store;
 Lat us keep a closer grip o' Him, for
 time is on the wing,
 An' sune He'll come an' tak' us tae the
 palace o' the King.
 It's iv'ry halls are bonnie upon which
 the rainbows shine,
 An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a
 never fadin' Vine;
 An' the pearly gates o' Heaven do a
 glorious radiance fling,
 On the starry floor that shimmers i' the
 palace o' the King.

5 Nae nicht shall be in Heaven, an' nae
 desolatin' sea,
 And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i'
 the city o' the free;
 There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a
 never fadin' spring,
 Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the
 palace o' the King.
 We see oor fren's await us ower yon-
 ner at His gate;
 Then lat us a' be ready, for ye ken its
 gettin' late;
 Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin'; let
 us raise oor voice and sing,
 For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i'
 the palace o' the King.

405

"REDEEMED!" "Redeemed!"
 O sing the joyful strain!
 Give praise, give praise,
 And glory to His name;
 Who gave His blood our souls to save,
 And purchased freedom for the slave!
 And purchased freedom for the slave.
*"Redeemed!" "redeemed" from sin and
 all its woe!*
*"Redeemed!" "redeemed" eternal life to
 know!*
*"Redeemed!" "redeemed" by Jesus'
 blood,*
*"Redeemed!" "redeemed!" O praise the
 Lord!*

2 What grace! What grace!
 That He who calmed the wave,
 Should stoop, my soul,
 My guilty soul to save

That He the curse should bear for me,
A sinful wretch, His enemy!
A sinful wretch, His enemy!

3 "Redeemed!" "redeemed"
The word has brought repose,
And joy, and joy,
That each redeemed one knows
Who sees His sins on Jesus laid,
And knows His blood the ransom paid,
And knows His blood the ransom paid.

4 "Redeemed!" "redeemed!"
O joy that I should be
In Christ, in Christ,
From sin for ever free!
For ever free to praise His name,
Who bore for me the guilt and shame,
Who bore for me the guilt and shame!

406
GOD is great, and God is good,
G And we thank Him for this food:
By His hand must all be fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

407
MASTER, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness
No shelter or help is nigh;
"Carest Thou not that we perish?"—
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threat-
ning
A grave in the angry deep?

"The winds and the waves shall obey
my will,
Peace be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where lies,
The Master of ocean, and earth and skies;
||: They all shall sweetly obey my will;
Peace be still! :||

2 Master, with anguish of spirit,
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are trou-
bled;
O waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;

And I perish, I perish! do
O hasten, and take con-
3 Master, the terror is over
The elements sweetly re-
Earth's sun in the calm lake
And heaven's within my
Linger, O blessed Redeemer
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make
harbor,
And rest on the blissful sh-

408

O WHAT shall I do to be sa-
The gathering storm I be-
Exposed to the wrath of my G-
Is there no sheltering fold,
Is there no sheltering fold?

*I am the door, by me if any man
He shall be saved, he shall be sa-
I am the door, by me if any man en-
He shall be saved, he shall be sa-*

2 O what shall I do to be saved?
No light, no hope can I see,
No help in myself can I find;
Is there no mercy for me,
Is there no mercy for me?

3 O what shall I do to be saved?
So vile, so burdened with sin,
O how to the fold may I come,
How may I enter therein,
How may I enter therein?

4 I enter the wide open door,
In Christ I now have believed;
I'm cleans'd from my sins by His blood;
I trust and now I am saved,
I trust and now I am saved.

409

SAVIOUR! visit Thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;—
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

tempter's fatal power;
 O my heart to fresh;
 O my this good hour,
 Thy work afresh.

Thou art enthroned in glory,
 Forever to abide;
 Thy heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Thy Father's side.

O sinners Thou art pleading,
 Thou dost our place prepare;
 Thy interceding,
 Thy glory we appear.

Thy lip, honor, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive:
 Thy praises, without ceasing,
 It is for us to give.

O ye bright angelic spirits!
 Sing your sweetest, noblest lays;
 O bring our Saviour's merits,—
 O to chant Immanuel's praise.

A LONG the River of Time we glide,
 Along the River, along the River,
 The swiftly flowing, resistless tide,
 The swiftly flowing, the swiftly flow-
 ing,

And soon, ah, soon the end we'll see,
 Yes, soon 'twill come, and we will be

||: *Floating, floating,*
Out on the sea of eternity ! :||

2 Along the River of Time we glide,
 Along the River, along the River,
 A thousand dangers its currents hide,
 A thousand dangers, a thousand dan-
 gers,

And near our course the rocks we see,
 O dreadful thought! a wreck to be.

3 Along the River of Time we glide,
 Along the River, along the River.
 Our Saviour only our bark can guide,
 Our Saviour only, our Saviour only,
 But with Him we secure may be,
 No fear, no doubt, but joy to be.

412

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Saviour's brow;
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
 Among the sons of men;
 Fairer is He than all the fair
 Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 And flew to my relief;
 For me He bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.

4 To heaven, the place of His abode,
 He brings my weary feet;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete,

5 Since from Thy bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord! they should all be Thine.

413

JESUS loves me! this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so:
 Little ones to Him belong;
 They are weak, but He is strong.

Yes, Jesus loves me!

Yes, Jesus loves me!

Yes, Jesus loves me!

The Bible tells me so!

2 Jesus, from His throne on high,
 Came into this world to die;
 That I might from sin be free,
 Bled and died upon the tree.

3 Jesus loves me!—He who died
 Heaven's gate to open wide!
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let His little child come in.

4 Jesus, take this heart of mine:
 Make it pure and wholly Thine;
 Thou hast bled and died for me,
 I will henceforth live for Thee.

414

O TO be over yonder!
 In that land of wonder,
 Where the angel voices mingle, and
 the angel harpers ring;
 To be free from pain and sorrow,
 And the anxious dread to-morrow,
 To rest in light and sunshine
 In the presence of the King.

O to be over yonder, yonder,
In that land of wonder,

*There to be forever
In the presence of the King.*

2 O to be over yonder!

My yearning heart grows fonder
Of looking to the east, to see the bless-
ed day-star bring
Some tidings of the waking,
The cloudless, pure day-breaking;
My heart is yearning—yearning
For the coming of the King.

3 O to be over yonder!

Alas! I sigh and wonder
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful
heart to any earthly thing;
Each tie of earth must sever.
And pass away forever;
But there's no more separation
In the presence of the King.

4 O when shall I be dwelling

Where angel voices swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the
vaulted heavens ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming?
O when shall I be yonder
In the presence of the King?

5 O I shall soon be yonder,

Tho' lonely here I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—
longing for the bird's fleet wing;
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder
In the presence of the King.

415

COME thou weary, Jesus calls thee,
To His wounded side;
"Come to Me," saith He, "and ever
Safe abide."

2 Seeking Jesus? Jesus seeks thee—

Wants thee as thou art;
He is knocking, ever knocking
At thy heart.

3 If thou let Him, He will save thee—

Make thee all His own:
Guide thee, keep thee, take thee dying,
To His throne.

4 Wilt thou still refuse His offer?

Wilt thou say Him nay?
Wilt thou let Him grieved, rejected,
Go away?

5 Dost thou feel thy life is weary?

Is thy soul distressed?
Take His offer, wait no longer;
Be at rest!

416

OUR Lord is now rejected,

And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned!
But soon He'll come in glory,
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming by
and by.

O the crowning day is coming,

*Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in "power,"
And "glory" from on high;
O the glorious sight will gladden,
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by
and by.*

2 The heavens shall glow with splendor,

But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory
As Christ shall them array.
That beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by
and by.

3 Our pain shall then be over,

We'll sin and sigh no more,
Behind us all of sorrow,
And nought but joy before,
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to him are nigh
For the crowning day that's coming by
and by.

4 Let all that look for, hasten

The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way,
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
In the crowning day that's coming by
and by.

417

I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary
 aftenwhiles,
 For the langed-for hame-bringin' an'
 my Faither's welcome smiles;
 An' I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine
 e'en do see.
 The gowden gates o' heaven an' my ain
 countrie.
 The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony
 tinted fresh and gay,
 The birdies warble blithely, for my
 Faither made them sae;
 But these sights an' these soun's will
 as naething be to me,
 When I hear the angels singin' in my
 ain countrie.

2 I've His gude word o' promise that
 some gladsome day, the King
 To His ain royal palace His banished
 hame will bring;
 Wi' e'en an' wi' hert running ower, we
 shall see
 The King in His beauty, in our ain
 countrie;
 My sins they hae been mony, an' my
 sorrows hae been sair
 But there they'll never vex me, nor be
 remembered mair;
 For His bluid has made me white,—and
 His han' shall dry my e'e.
 When He brings me hame at last, to
 my ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon sséd
 bonnie place,
 I only ken its Hame, whaur we shall
 see His face,
 It wad surely be eneuch forever mair
 to be
 In the glory o' His presence in oor ain
 countrie,
 Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie
 to its nest,
 I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my
 Saviour's breast.
 For He gathers in His bosom witless,
 worthless lambs like me,
 An' carries them Himsel', to His ain
 countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an'
 He'll surely come again.
 He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what
 hour I dinna ken;
 But He bids me still to wait, an' ready
 aye to be,
 To gang at ony moment to my ain coun-
 trie.
 So I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my
 hame, as I wait
 For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side
 the gowden gate,
 God gie His grace to ilka ane wha'
 listens noo to me,
 That we a' may gang in gladness to oor
 ain countrie.

418

GLORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye His name!"
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Sing loud forever more,
 "Worthy the lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising His name—
 Ye who have felt His blood,
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound His dear name abroad.
 "Worthy the lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless;
 Praise ye His name—
 In Him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising His name;
 To Him our songs we bring;
 Hail Him our gracious King
 And, through all ages sing,
 "Worthy the lamb!"

419

COME, Thou almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,

Help us to praise:
 Father! all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend;
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success:
 Spirit of holiness!
 On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

420

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee,
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be;
 Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 O while Thou dost smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Haste Thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed with faith, and winged by
 prayer!
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
 God's own hand shall guide thee
 there:

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

421

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
 But His heart is still the same,
 Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
 Is His everlasting name.

*Saviour, who can love like Thee,
 Gracious One of Bethany.
 Saviour, who can love like Thee,
 Gracious One of Bethany.*

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
 When the waves of sorrow roll,
 I will lay my head on Jesus,
 Pillow of the troubled soul.

*Surely none can feel like Thee,
 Weeping One of Bethany.
 Surely none can feel like Thee,
 Weeping One of Bethany.*

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
 He can mark each mourner's tear;
 Living to retrace the story
 Of the hearts He solaced here.

*Lord, when I am called to die,
 Let me think of Bethany.
 Lord, when I am called to die,
 Let me think of Bethany*

4 Jesus wept; those tears of sorrow
 Are a legacy of love;
 Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
 He the same doth ever prove.

*Thou art all in all to me,
 Living One of Bethany.
 Thou art all in all to me,
 Living One of Bethany.*

422

GOD is love; His mercy brightens
 G All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens,
 God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Time and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But His mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove;

From the gloom His brightness stream-
eth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly care entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

423

JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul,

3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall;
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before Him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

424

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, full of power.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him—
Hear Him cry before He dies.

425

ASK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death shall be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

426

WAIT my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee
Laying hold upon His word

"As thy days thy strength shall be,"
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case,
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace
"As thy days thy strength shall be,"
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief
In succession thou may'st see,
This is still thy sweet relief
"As thy days thy strength shall be,"
"As thy days thy strength shall be,"

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be,"
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

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